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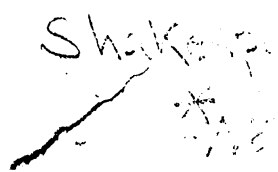

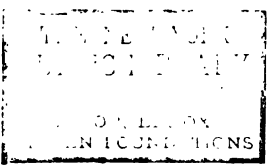

ISABELLA AND CLAUDIO (iii. 1)

SHAKESPEARE'S

COMEDY OF

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

EDITED, WITH NOTES

BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT.D.

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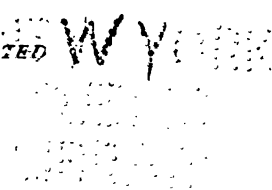
ILLUSTRATED



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MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

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PREFATORY NOTE

THIS play, originally edited by me in 1882, is now thoroughly revised on the same general plan as the earlier volumes in the new series.

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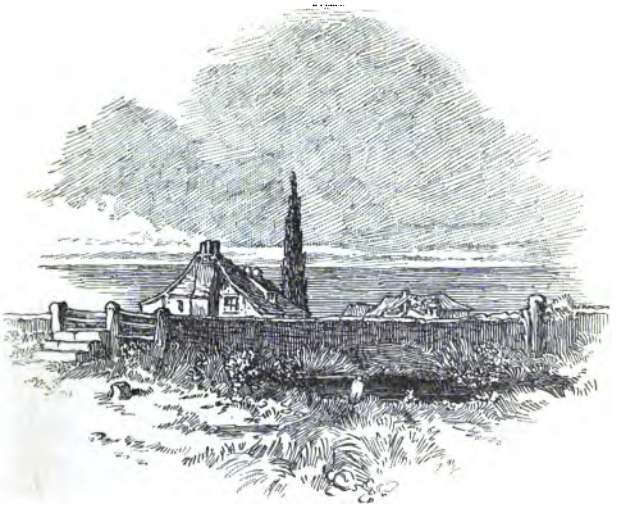


THE MOATED GRANGE

INTRODUCTION TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE

THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY

Measure for Measure was first printed in the folio of 1623. No direct allusion to it in Shakespeare's time has been found, and we have nothing to fix the date of its composition but the style and versification, with some minor points of internal evidence. The critics, however, have generally agreed that the play was written in 1603 or early in 1604.

Tyrwhitt and Malone conjectured that the following passages offer "a courtly apology for King James I.'s stately and ungracious demeanour on his entry into England:"—

> "I 'll privily away. I love the people,
> But do not like to stage me to their eyes.
> Though it do well, I do not relish well
> Their loud applause and aves vehement" (i. 1. 67 fol.).

> "The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
> Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
> Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
> Must needs appear offence" (ii. 4. 27 fol.).

Ward (*Hist. of Dram. Lit.* 1. 408) is "inclined to accept this conjecture, the more so that there is something in the sentiment of these passages not ill according with the tendency towards shrinking from an unnecessary publicity, which we may fairly suppose to have been an element in the poet's own character."

Malone also saw historical allusions in i. 2. 4: "Heaven grant us its peace," etc.; and in i. 2. 82: "What with the war, what with the sweat," etc. James had early announced his intention of ending the war with Spain which was in progress when he came to the throne, and peace was concluded in the autumn of 1604. The year before, as Capell pointed out, the "sweating-sickness," or plague, had carried off more than thirty thousand people in London, about one fifth of the entire population of the city.

Tieck, followed by Ulrici and some other critics, was led by the peculiarities of style and sentiment to regard *Measure for Measure* as one of the very latest of the plays; but "the drama, in those very characteristics on which the theory is founded, most resembles *Othello*, *Lear*, the revised *Hamlet*, and in general those tragedies known to have been written between 1602 and 1607; while, on the contrary, its tone and fancy are entirely dissimilar from the pastoral beauties of the *Winter's Tale*, with the sprightliness of its gayer scenes, or the spirit of cheerful enjoyment which breathes in the mountain scenes of *Cymbeline*, both of them known to belong to a later period than that of *Lear*." (Verplanck.)

The Sources of the Plot

The story, like that of *Othello*, was originally from the *Hecatommithi* of Giraldi Cinthio, published in Venice in 1566. Whetstone's tragedy of *Promos and Cassandra* (1578) was founded on Cinthio's novel, and was probably known to Shakespeare, though he owed little to the English play or the Italian tale. Whetstone "followed Cinthio very closely, in making the sister (the 'woful Cassandra' of his play, the Epitia of Cinthio, and the Isabella of Shakespeare) yield to the governor's desires and her brother's pusillanimous sophistry — a degradation which Shakespeare has avoided by the introduction of Mariana, and the very venial artifice of Isabella, which Coleridge censures, but which is certainly, if a blemish at all, a very light one compared

with the intrinsic repulsiveness of making the heroine the wife of the guilty governor, and the supplicant for his life. The inferior characters of Whetstone are the same only in their habits and occupations — the painting of their character is Shakespeare's own as much as that of the nobler personages, and the high moral wisdom which overflows in their dialogue. Isabella, as a character, is entirely his own creation."

Whetstone, some years after writing his play, translated the original story in his *Heptameron of Civil Discourses* (1582).

General Comments on the Play

Critics have objected to Shakespeare's plot as an improbable fiction, but it strangely happens that something much like it has occurred several times in different ages and countries. One of these is the story of Colonel Kirke, in the reign of James II., related by Pepys and Macaulay. Another occurred in Holland, in the time of Charles the Bold, a century before Shakespeare's birth. Another, which may have been the foundation of Cinthio's novel, is said to have taken place under one of the old Dukes of Ferrara.

The Angelo of the Netherlands, whose history is recorded by several of the old Dutch and Flemish chroniclers, was a brave and renowned knight, who was governor of Flushing; and it was the wife of a state criminal, confined on a charge of sedition, who is tempted to yield up her honour on condition of receiv-

ing from the governor an order to the gaoler to deliver her husband up to her. In the meanwhile, a prior order had been sent; the husband was secretly beheaded; and the wife received, on presenting her order, a chest containing the bloody corpse. Upon the duke's visiting his principality of Zealand, she appealed to him for justice. The governor confessed his guilt, and threw himself with confidence upon the duke's mercy, relying on his former services and favour. The duke commanded him to marry the widow, and endow her formally with all his wealth. She at first shrunk with horror from the alliance, but at last consented to the ceremony, on the prayers of her family, who thought their honour involved in it. When this was done, the governor returned to the duke, and informed him that the injured person was now satisfied. "So am not I," replied the duke. He sent the guilty man to the prison where his victim had died. A confessor was sent with him; and after the last rites of religion, without further delay, the governor was beheaded. His new wife and her friends had hurried to the prison, and arrived there only to receive the bloody trunk in the same manner that she had received the remains of her first husband. Overcome with horror, she fainted, and never recovered.

Measure for Measure, as Verplanck (whose criticisms are unfortunately out of print and not accessible in most of the libraries) remarks, "bears the stamp of that period of the author's life, first noted by Hallam, when some sad influence weighed upon the poet's spirit, and

prompted him constantly to appear as 'the stern censurer of man.' I see no reason to doubt that this did not arise merely from a change of taste, or an experiment in dramatic art, but was, in some manner, connected with events or circumstances personal to the author, and affecting his temper, disposition, and moral associations of thought. There is no part of the author's own practical philosophy more true than that 'a man's mind is parcel of his fortunes.' He does not, indeed, like Milton, or Rousseau, or Byron, delight to make himself the prominent figure in all his intellectual creations; yet these are not the less evidently coloured by the varying moods predominant, from time to time, during the changes of life. Few men could have more enjoyed life, or have more intensely relished the beautiful or the pleasurable, or more revelled in the ludicrous and the fantastical, than the author of that gay and bright succession of poetic comedies, from *Love's Labour's Lost* to *As You Like It* and the *Twelfth Night*. How striking is the contrast, in this respect, between these, and especially between the last — and to my taste the most delightful of all — and the *Measure for Measure*, austere in its ethical poetry, and sarcastic in its humorous delineations! or between this last and *The Merchant of Venice*, where the same topics are often enforced, the same train of thought and even of imagery introduced! They are the same, yet how different! — like the same landscape seen in the sparkling sunshine, after a vernal rain, and again

under a lowering wintry sky. The cause must remain in darkness; but, to my mind, it appears manifest that the effect was not the result merely of altering taste or ripening judgment. *Samson Agonistes* does not more strongly testify to some great and overwhelming physical and political revolution prostrating and fettering the intellectual giant, in body and mind, than this play and the nearly contemporary writings of its author do to some similar moral cause, or some external calamity of life acting upon the moral faculties, and producing new combinations and results in Shakespeare's moral anatomy of the human heart. It may have been some deep wound of the affections, some repeated evidence of man's ingratitude and heartlessness, possibly some mere personal calamity, bringing home to the brilliant and successful man of genius the living sense of the world's worthlessness, and opening to his sight the mysterious evil of his own nature.

"Whatever, then, may have been the immediate and external causes of this signal intellectual phenomenon in our literary history, it is undeniable that this drama of *Measure for Measure* specially marks the period of this great climacteric of Shakespeare's genius, resembling those climacterics of the body which, according to the old notions of philosophy or superstition, come in their regular periods over man, working a strange alteration in the functions of his body, as different planets succeed with new influences to rule his mind and his destiny. Although under its strong influence the poet was

now about to enter upon a nobler course of labour, and to teach the world deeper and truer lessons in the learning of 'human dealings,' yet we cannot but rejoice that this solemn change of all the poet's lighter fancies into something still more 'rich and strange' came not until after the quick and brilliant succession of his matchless poetic comedies had perpetuated the memory of his years of buoyant spirits, hope, joy, and untiring fancy. For although we often find in his later works a calm and serene spirit of enjoyment, such as we have before alluded to in the pastoral beauties of Perdita's conversation, and the mountain scenes of *Cymbeline* — though his comic sketches in his later dramas prove that his perception of whimsical or absurd character was as acute and active as ever, and his power of graphic delineation as vivid — yet even then there seems to be an absence of that personal abandonment of the author's own spirit to the beauty or the humour of the scene to which he had before accustomed us. He appears more as the great philosophical artist, depicting the very truth and nature of his scenes, and not, as was his former wont, as himself one of his own joyous throng, mixing in the plot against the bachelor liberty of Benedick — enjoying the frolics in Eastcheap as much as Falstaff or the Prince — or joining his own voice in the boisterous glee of Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

"But *Measure for Measure* breathes a sterner spirit than belongs to the productions of either the earlier or

the later periods. Dr. Johnson has said that its 'comic scenes are natural and pleasing.' Their fidelity to nature cannot, indeed, be denied. But if they please, they do so from their faithfulness of portraiture; not, like the scenes of Bottom or Falstaff, and their companions, from their exuberance of mirthful sport, or their rich originality of invention and wit. They, as well as the loftier scenes of the piece, are but too faithful pictures of the degrading and hardening influence of licentious passion, from the lighter profligacy of Lucio, the dissipated gentleman, to the grosser and contented degradation of the Clown; and if these are all painted with the truth of Hogarth or Crabbe, they are depicted with no air of sport or mirth, but rather with that of bitter scorn. The author seems to smile like his own Cassius, 'as if he mocked himself.' Thus Elbow, in his self-satisfied conceit and pedantic ignorance, would appear, as some of the critics regard him, simply as an inferior version of Dogberry. But he is not a Dogberry in whose absurdities the author himself luxuriates, but one whose peculiarities are delineated with a contemptuous sneer. Lucio, again, is a character unfortunately too common in civilized, and especially in city, life — a gentleman in manners and education, and of good natural ability, made frivolous in mind and debased in sentiment and disposition by licentious and idle habits — thus substantially not a very different character from some of the lighter personages of the prior dramas; but he differs mainly from them because exhibited

under a very different light, and regarded in a different temper. The others are represented in his scenes as they appeared to the transient acquaintance, or the companions of their pleasures. But the poet looks deeper into the heart and life of Lucio, and portrays this man of pleasure in the same mood which governs the higher and more tragic scenes of this drama — a mood sometimes contemptuous, sometimes sad, often indignant, but never such as had been his former wont, either merely playful or imaginative. Thus it seems to me that, if his comic scenes excite mirth from their truth, it is a mirth in which the author did not participate; and their sarcastic humour assimilates itself in feeling to that of the stern and grave interest of the plot, and the strong passion of its poetic scenes. Characters, in themselves light and amusing, are branded with contempt from the degradation of licentious habits; while the same passion, in a form of less grossness, but of deeper guilt, prostrates before it high reputation, talent, and wisdom. The intellectual and amiable Claudio, willing to purchase 'the weariest and most loathed worldly life,' at any cost of shame and sin, is strangely contrasted with the drunken Barnardine, 'careless, reckless, and fearless of what is past, present, or to come.' Indeed, the higher characters are mainly discriminated from the lower ones, in this moral delineation, in that conscience is dull or dead in the latter, while it appears in all its terrors in Angelo and Claudio, and in all the majesty of purity in Isabella. There is

little formality of moral instruction, but the secret workings of guilt and fear are laid open with the rapidity, suddenness, and brevity of unuttered and half-formed thoughts. That men of lax moral opinions should shrink with disgust, as some of his critics have done, from this too true a delineation of so common a vice, is not to be wondered at. It was less to be expected that Coleridge should have formed the judgment he has expressed on this drama, though there are not a few readers who will assent to it. He observes, in his *Literary Remains:* 'This play, which is Shakespeare's throughout, is to me the most painful, say rather the only painful, part of his genuine works. The comic and tragic parts equally border on the *miseteon* — the one being disgusting, the other horrible; and the pardon and marriage of Angelo not merely baffles the strong, indignant claim of justice (for cruelty, with lust and damnable baseness, cannot be forgiven, because we cannot conceive them as being morally repented of), but it is likewise degrading to the character of woman.' We also learn from Mr. Collier that, in the course of lectures on Shakespeare delivered in 1818 (which were delivered from imperfect notes, and never written out), Coleridge pointed especially to the artifice of Isabella, and her seeming consent to the suit of Angelo, as the circumstances which tended to lower the character of the female sex. He then called *Measure for Measure* only the 'least agreeable' of Shakespeare's dramas.

"This criticism, however little laudatory, is still substantially an acknowledgment of the severe unity of feeling and purpose which pervades the piece, and the impressive power with which it enforces revolting and humbling truths. These are the more conspicuous, because the dark painting of moral degradation, of guilt, remorse, and the dread of death, is not relieved, as is the poet's use elsewhere, by passages of descriptive beauty, or fancy, or tenderness. The only strong contrast which supplies their place is that of the severe beauty of Isabella's character, and the majestic wisdom and deep sentiment of her fervid eloquence. That in this sense the drama is not agreeable, and that it is even painful, is very true; yet the degree of pain thus given is precisely that by which the intellect is most excited, and which is thus the source of the deep and absorbing interest excited by all gloomy yet true pictures of life, in its sadder shapes of crime and woe. Though the subject and the thoughts be in themselves repulsive, yet when, as here, we feel that the author is breathing through them the strong emotions of his own soul, the attention is fixed, and the sympathy enchained. This is the secret of Dante's power, and of that of the nobler portion of Byron's poetry. That *Measure for Measure* possesses much of this power, is proved by the fact that, in spite of the objections of critics of every degree, it has always taken a strong hold of the general mind. No one of the high female characters of tragedy has been found more effective in representation than Isa-

bella; while there is perhaps no composition of the same length in the language which has left more of its expressive phrases, its moral aphorisms, its brief sentences crowded with meaning, fixed in the general memory, and embodied by daily use in every form of popular eloquence, argument, and literature."

Furnivall concisely and aptly describes Isabella as "'a thing enskied and sainted, an immortal spirit,' Shakspere's first wholly Christian woman, steadfast and true as Portia, Brutus's wife, pure as Lucrece's soul, merciful above Portia; Bassanio's bride, in that she prays for forgiveness for her foe, not her friend; with an unyielding will, a martyr's spirit above Helena's of *All's Well*, the highest type of woman that Shakspere has yet drawn."

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

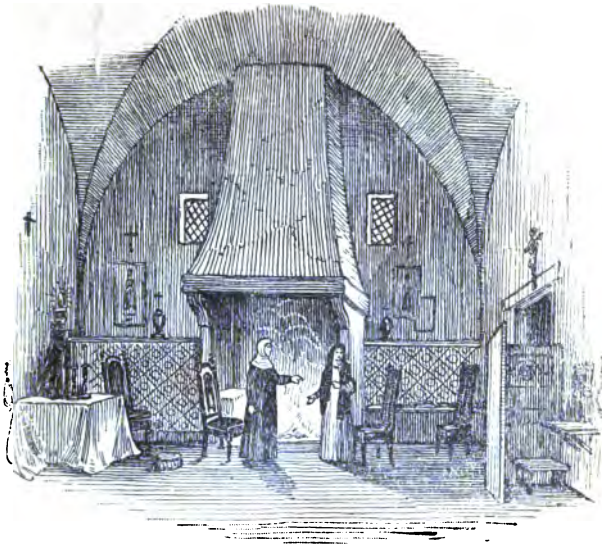
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VINCENTIO, the Duke.
ANGELO, Deputy.
ESCALUS, an ancient Lord.
CLAUDIO, a young gentleman.
LUCIO, a fantastic.
Two other gentlemen.
PROVOST.
THOMAS, PETER, } two friars.
A Justice.
VARRIUS.
ELBOW, a simple constable.
FROTH, a foolish gentleman.
POMPEY, servant to Mistress Overdone.
ABHORSON, an executioner.
BARNARDINE, a dissolute prisoner.

ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.
MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.
JULIET, beloved of Claudio.
FRANCISCA, a nun.
MISTRESS OVERDONE, a bawd.

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Vienna.*



THE NUNNERY

ACT I

SCENE I. *An Apartment in the Duke's Palace*

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords *and* Attendants

Duke. Escalus.

Escalus. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse,
Since I am put to know that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice

My strength can give you; then no more remains
But that to your sufficiency — as your worth is able —,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you 're as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp. — Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo. —

[*Exit an Attendant.*

What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply,
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power. What think you of it?

Escalus. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Enter ANGELO

Angelo. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to the observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper as to waste

Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;
Hold, therefore, Angelo:—
In our remove be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.

Angelo. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion.
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition
That it prefers itself and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us, and do look to know

What doth befall you here. So, fare you well;
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Angelo. Yet give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it,
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple; your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand.
I 'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes.
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and aves vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Angelo. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escalus. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Escalus. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place.
A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Angelo. 'T is so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escalus. I 'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Street*

Enter LUCIO *and two* Gentlemen

Lucio. If the duke with the other dukes come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 *Gentleman.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

2 *Gentleman.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 *Gentleman.* Thou shalt not steal? 10

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 *Gentleman.* Why, 't was a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal. There 's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gentleman.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

2 *Gentleman.* No? a dozen times at least. 20

1 *Gentleman.* What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion or in any language.

1 *Gentleman.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy; as, for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gentleman.* Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.

1 *Gentleman.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou 'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee. I had as lief be a list of an English kersey as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech. I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health, but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gentleman.* I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

2 *Gentleman.* Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes!

1 *Gentleman.* I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to —

2 *Gentleman.* To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

2 *Gentleman.* To three thousand dolours a year.

1 *Gentleman.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 *Gentleman.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me, but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy, but so

sound as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow, impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE

1 *Gentleman.* How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Mrs. Overdone. Well, well; there 's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

2 *Gentleman.* Who 's that, I pray thee?

Mrs. Overdone. Marry, sir, that 's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

1 *Gentleman.* Claudio to prison! 't is not so.

Mrs. Overdone. Nay, but I know 't is so. I saw him arrested, saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Mrs. Overdone. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be; he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gentleman.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gentleman.* But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away! let 's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.*

Mrs. Overdone. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. —

Enter POMPEY

How now! what 's the news with you?

Pompey. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Mrs. Overdone. Well, what has he done?

Pompey. A woman.

Mrs. Overdone. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Pompey. No, but there 's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Mrs. Overdone. What proclamation, man?

Pompey. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Mrs. Overdone. And what shall become of those in the city?

Pompey. They shall stand for seed; they had gone down too but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Mrs. Overdone. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

Pompey. To the ground, mistress.

Mrs. Overdone. Why, here 's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Pompey. Come, fear not you; good counsellors lack no clients. Though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I 'll be your tapster

still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Mrs. Overdone. What 's to do here, Thomas Tapster? let 's withdraw.

Pompey. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there 's Madam Juliet.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, JULIET, *and* Officers

Claudio. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Provost. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claudio. Thus can the demigod Authority
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The words of heaven: — on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 't is just.

Re-enter LUCIO *and two* Gentlemen

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

Claudio. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty;
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors; and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment. What 's thy offence, Claudio?

Claudio. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What, is 't murther?

Claudio. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claudio. Call it so.

Provost. Away, sir! you must go.

Claudio. One word, good friend. — Lucio, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred, if they 'll do you any good. — Is lechery so looked after?

Claudio. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract
I got possession of Julietta's bed.
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order. This we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claudio. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke —
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in; — but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone round
And none of them been worn, and for a name
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me; 't is surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is; and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke and appeal to him.

Claudio. I have done so, but he 's not to be found.
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service.
This day my sister should the cloister enter
And there receive her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him.
I have great hope in that, for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect
Such as move men: beside. she hath prosperous art

When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I 'll to her.

Claudio. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claudio. Come, officer, away! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A Monastery*

Enter Duke *and* Friar Thomas

Duke. No, holy father, throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Friar Thomas. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd,
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
Where youth and cost and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;

For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this?

Friar Thomas. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,
Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep,
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd, so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Friar Thomas. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleas'd;
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful.
Sith 't was my fault to give the people scope,
'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do; for we bid this be done
When evil deeds have their permissive pass
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office,
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,

And yet my nature never in the fight
To do me slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 't were a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people; therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. Moe reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise,
Stands at a guard with envy, scarce confesses
That his blood flows or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone; hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *A Nunnery*

Enter Isabella *and* Francisca

Isabella. And have you nuns no farther privileges?

Francisca. Are not these large enough?

Isabella. Yes, truly; I speak not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.

Lucio. [*Within*] Ho! Peace be in this place!

Isabella. Who 's that which calls?

Francisca. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him.
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men

But in the presence of the prioress;
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face,
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit.*
Isabella. Peace and prosperity! Who is 't that calls?

Enter LUCIO

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?
Isabella. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask,
The rather for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.
Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you.
Not to be weary with you, he 's in prison.
Isabella. Woe me! for what?
Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks.
He hath got his friend with child.
Isabella. Sir, make me not your story.
Lucio. It is true.
I would not — though 't is my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest,
Tongue far from heart — play with all virgins so.
I hold you as a thing enskied and sainted,
By your renouncement an immortal spirit,

And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isabella. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 't is thus:
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd;
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isabella. Some one with child by him? My cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isabella. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names
By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isabella. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence,
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand and hope of action; but we do learn,
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth, one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,

But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He — to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have for long run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions — hath pick'd out an act
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit; he arrests him on it,
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo; and that 's my pith of business
'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Isabella. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censur'd him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isabella. Alas! what poor ability 's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isabella. My power? Alas, I doubt —

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

Isabella. I 'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isabella. I will about it straight,
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you.
Commend me to my brother; soon at night
I 'll send him certain word of my success.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isabella. Good sir, adieu. [*Exeunt.*

ANGELO'S HOUSE

ACT II

SCENE I. *A hall in Angelo's House*

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, *and a* Justice, PROVOST, Officers, *and other* Attendants, *behind*

Angelo. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,

And let it keep one shape till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror.

Escalus. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little
Than fall and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman
Whom I would save had a most noble father!
Let but your honour know,
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Angelo. 'T is one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. What 's open made to justice,
That justice seizes; what knows the law
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'T is very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I that censure him do so offend,

Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escalus. Be it as your wisdom will.

Angelo. Where is the provost?

Provost. Here, if it like your honour.

Angelo. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd,
For that 's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [*Exit Provost.*

Escalus. [*Aside*] Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall;
Some run from brakes of vice and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, *and* OFFICERS *with* FROTH *and* POMPEY

Elbow. Come, bring them away. If these be good people in a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law; bring them away.

Angelo. How now, sir! What 's your name? and what 's the matter?

Elbow. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow. I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Angelo. Benefactors? Well, what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elbow. If it please your honour, I know not well

what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of, and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

Escalus. This comes off well; here 's a wise officer.

Angelo. Go to; what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Pompey. He cannot, sir; he 's out at elbow.

Angelo. What are you, sir?

Elbow. He, sir! a tapster, sir, — parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman, whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which I think, is a very ill house too.

Escalus. How know you that?

Elbow. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour, —

Escalus. How? thy wife?

Elbow. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman, —

Escalus. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elbow. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escalus. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elbow. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Escalus. By the woman's means?

Elbow. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means ; but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Pompey. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elbow. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man ; prove it.

Escalus. Do you hear how he misplaces ? 89

Pompey. Sir, she came in great with child, and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stewed prunes ; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence. Your honours have seen such dishes ; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes, — 96

Escalus. Go to, go to ; no matter for the dish, sir.

Pompey. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin ; you are therein in the right : but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes, and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly, — for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again. 106

Froth. No, indeed.

Pompey. Very well ; you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes, —

Froth. Ay, so I did indeed.

Pompey. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you, —

Froth. All this is true.

Pompey. Why, very well, then, —

Escalus. Come, you are a tedious fool; to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Pompey. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escalus. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pompey. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year, whose father died at Hallowmas. — Was 't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

Froth. All-hallownd eve.

Pompey. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir, — 't was in the Bunch of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room and good for winter.

Pompey. Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

Angelo. This will last out a night in Russia
When nights are longest there. I 'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause,

Hoping you 'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escalus. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. — [*Exit Angelo.*

Now, sir, come on; what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Pompey. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elbow. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Pompey. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escalus. Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Pompey. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. — Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 't is for a good purpose. — Doth your honour mark his face?

Escalus. Ay, sir, very well.

Pompey. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escalus. Well, I do so.

Pompey. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escalus. Why, no.

Pompey. I 'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escalus. He 's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

Elbow. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow, and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pompey. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elbow. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pompey. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escalus. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? — Is this true?

Elbow. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! — If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer. — Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I 'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escalus. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elbow. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is 't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escalus. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

Elbow. Marry, I thank your worship for it. — Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what 's come

upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escalus. Where were you born, friend? 200

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escalus. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an 't please you, sir.

Escalus. So. — What trade are you of, sir?

Pompey. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escalus. Your mistress' name?

Pompey. Mistress Overdone.

Escalus. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Pompey. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last. 209

Escalus. Nine! — Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse but I am drawn in.

Escalus. Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. — [*Exit Froth.*] Come you hither to me, Master Tapster. What 's your name, Master Tapster? 221

Pompey. Pompey.

Escalus. What else?

Pompey. Bum, sir.

Escalus. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that in the beastliest sense you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a

bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not? come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Pompey. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escalus. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Pompey. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escalus. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Pompey. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?

Escalus. No, Pompey.

Pompey. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to 't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escalus. There are pretty orders beginning, can tell you; it is but heading and hanging.

Pompey. If you head and hang all that offend tha way but for ten year together, you 'll be glad to giv out a commission for more heads. If this law hol in Vienna ten year, I 'll rent the fairest house in after three-pence a day. If you live to see th come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escalus. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in r quital of your prophecy, hark you: I advise you, l me not find you before me again upon any complai whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do.

I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt. So, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Pompey. I thank your worship for your good counsel; [*Aside*] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.
Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart is not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*

Escalus. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, Master Constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elbow. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escalus. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

Elbow. And a half, sir.

Escalus. Alas, it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon 't. Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elbow. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters. As they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escalus. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elbow. To your worship's house, sir?

Escalus. To my house. Fare you well. — [*Exit Elbow.*] What 's o'clock, think you?

Justice. Eleven, sir.

Escalus. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Justice. I humbly thank you.

Escalus. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there 's no remedy.

Justice. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escalus. It is but needful.
Mercy is not itself that oft looks so; 291
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.
But yet, — poor Claudio! There is no remedy.
Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Room in the Same*

Enter PROVOST *and a* Servant

Servant. He 's hearing of a cause; he will come straight.
I 'll tell him of you.

Provost. Pray you, do. — [*Exit Servant.*] I 'll know
His pleasure; may be he will relent. Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for 't! —

Enter ANGELO

Angelo. Now, what 's the matter, provost?

Provost. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Angelo. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Provost. Lest I might be too rash.

Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.
Angelo. Go to; let that be mine.
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.
Provost. I crave your honour's pardon.
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She 's very near her hour.
Angelo. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant

Servant. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd
Desires access to you.
Angelo. Hath he a sister?
Provost. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.
Angelo. Well, let her be admitted. — [*Exit Servant.*
See you the fornicatress be remov'd.
Let her have needful but not lavish means;
There shall be order for 't.

Enter Isabella *and* Lucio

Provost. Save your honour!
Angelo. Stay a little while. — [*To Isabella*] You 're welcome; what 's your will?
Isabella. I am a woful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Angelo. Well, what 's your suit?
Isabella. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead but that I must;
For which I must not plead but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.
Angelo. Well, the matter?
Isabella. I have a brother is condemn'd to die;
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
Provost. [*Aside*] Heaven give thee moving graces!
Angelo. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault 's condemn'd ere it be done.
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.
Isabella. O just but severe law;
I had a brother, then. Heaven keep your honour!
Lucio. [*Aside to Isabella*] Give 't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown.
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.
To him, I say!
Isabella. Must he needs die?
Angelo. Maiden, no remedy.
Isabella. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

Angelo. I will not do 't.

Isabella. But can you, if you would?

Angelo. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isabella. But might you do 't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Angelo. He 's sentenc'd; 't is too late.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isabella*] You are too cold.

Isabella. Too late? why, no; I that do speak a word
May call it back again. Well believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.
If he had been as you and you as he,
You would have slipt like him; but he like you
Would not have been so stern.

Angelo. Pray you, be gone.

Isabella. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 't were to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isabella*] Ay, touch him; there 's the vein.

Angelo. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isabella. Alas, alas!

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once,
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He which is the top of judgment should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that!
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Angelo. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I condemn your brother.
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him; he must die to-morrow.

Isabella. To-morrow! O, that 's sudden! Spare him, spare him!
He 's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There 's many have committed it.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isabella*] Ay, well said.

Angelo. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept.
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil
If the first that did the edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed; now 't is awake,
Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass that shows what future evils,
Either new or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,

Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.
Isabella. Yet show some pity.
Angelo. I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall,
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.
Isabella. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Lucio. [*Aside to Isabella*] That 's well said.
Isabella. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder,
Nothing but thunder! — Merciful Heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep, who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isabella*] O, to him, to him, wench! he will relent;
He 's coming, I perceive 't.

Provost. [*Aside*] Pray heaven she win him!

Isabella. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself.
Great men may jest with saints; 't is wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou 'rt i' the right, girl; more o' that.

Isabella. That in the captain 's but a choleric word
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isabella*] Art avis'd o' that? more on 't.

Angelo. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isabella. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That 's like my brother's fault. If it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Angelo. [*Aside*] She speaks, and 't is
Such sense that my sense breeds with it. — Fare you well.

Isabella. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Angelo. I will bethink me; come again to-morrow.

Isabella. Hark how I 'll bribe you; good my lord, turn back.

Angelo. How! bribe me?

Isabella. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isabella*] You had marr'd all else.

Isabella. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them, but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven and enter there
Ere sunrise, prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Angelo. Well; come to me to-morrow.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isabella*] Go to; t' is well; away!

Isabella. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Angelo. [*Aside*] Amen;
For I am that way going to temptation
Where prayers cross.

Isabella. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Angelo. At any time fore noon.

Isabella. Save your honour!

[*Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.*

Angelo. From thee, — even from thy virtue!
What 's this, what 's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be

That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live!
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves. What! do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again
And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue. Never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper, but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how.

[*Exit.*

Scene III. *A Room in a Prison*

Enter, severally, Duke, *disguised as a friar, and* Provost

Duke. Hail to you, provost! — so I think you are.

Provost. I am the provost. What 's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity and my blest order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits

Here in the prison. Do me the common right
To let me see them and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Provost. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter JULIET

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report. She is with child,
And he that got it, sentenc'd — a young man
More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Provost. As I do think, to-morrow.—
[*To Juliet*] I have provided for you; stay awhile,
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do, and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I 'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I 'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then it seems your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.
Duke. 'T is meet so, daughter; but lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always towards ourselves, not heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear, —
Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.
Grace go with you! Benedicite! [*Exit.*
Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O injurious law,
That respites me a life whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!
Provost. 'T is pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *A Room in* Angelo's *House*

Enter Angelo

Angelo. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words,
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel; Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name,

And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown sear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein — let no man hear me — I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood;
Let 's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'T is not the devil's crest. —

Enter a Servant

How now! who's there?

Servant. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

Angelo. Teach her the way. — [*Exit Servant.*] O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons, —
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive; and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence. —

Enter ISABELLA

How now, fair maid?

Isabella. I am come to know your pleasure.

Angelo. That you might know it, would much better please me
Than to demand what 't is. Your brother cannot live.

Isabella. Even so. — Heaven keep your honour!

Angelo. Yet may he live awhile, and, it may be,
As long as you or I; yet he must die.

Isabella. Under your sentence?

Angelo. Yea.

Isabella. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.

Angelo. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid; 't is all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made
As to put metal in restrained means
To make a false one.

Isabella. 'T is set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Angelo. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just law

Now took your brother's life, or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain'd?
Isabella. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.
Angelo. I talk not of your soul; our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.
Isabella. How say you?
Angelo. Nay, I 'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life;
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother's life?
Isabella. Please you to do 't,
I 'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.
Angelo. Pleas'd you to do 't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.
Isabella. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I 'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.
Angelo. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine; either you are ignorant,
Or seem so craftily, and that 's not good.
Isabella. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Angelo. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could display'd. But mark me;
To be received plain, I 'll speak more gross.
Your brother is to die.

Isabella. So.

Angelo. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isabella. True.

Angelo. Admit no other way to save his life,—
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,—that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-holding law, and that there were
No earthly mean to save him but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer,
What would you do?

Isabella. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I 'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I 've been sick for, ere I 'd yield
My body up to shame.

Angelo. Then must your brother die.

Isabella. And 't were the cheaper way.

Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Angelo. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Isabella. Ignomy in ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses; lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Angelo. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isabella. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean.
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Angelo. We are all frail.

Isabella. Else let my brother die,
If not a fedary but only he
Owe and succeed thy weakness.

Angelo. Nay, women are frail too.

Isabella. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves,
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women! Help Heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Angelo. I think it well;
And from this testimony of your own sex, —

Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames, — let me be bold;
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you 're none;
If you be one, as you are well express'd
By all external warrants, show it now
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isabella. I have no tongue but one; gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Angelo. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isabella. My brother did love Juliet,
And you tell me that he shall die for it.

Angelo. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isabella. I know your virtue hath a license in 't
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Angelo. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isabella. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seeming!
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't!
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I 'll tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

Angelo. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh
That you shall stifle in your own report

And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will,
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I 'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. [*Exit.*

Isabella. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof;
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I 'll to my brother.
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he 'd yield them up
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die;
More than our brother is our chastity.
I 'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit.*

STREET BEFORE THE PRISON (iii. 2)

ACT III

SCENE I. *A Room in the Prison*

Enter DUKE *disguised as before*, CLAUDIO, *and* PROVOST

Duke. So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

Claudio. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope.
I 've hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep; a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences,
That dost this habitation where thou keep'st
Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou 'rt by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st, yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What 's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid moe thousand deaths; yet death we fear
That makes these odds all even.

Claudio. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die,
And, seeking death, find life; let it come on.

Isabella. [*Within*] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Provost. Who 's there? come in; the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I 'll visit you again.

Claudio. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter ISABELLA

Isabella. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Provost. And very welcome. — Look, signior, here 's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Provost. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be concealed. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*

Claudio. Now, sister, what 's the comfort?

Isabella. Why,

As all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting lieger.
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Claudio. Is there no remedy?

Isabella. None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claudio. But is there any?

Isabella. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you 'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claudio. Perpetual durance?

Isabella. Ay, just; perpetual durance, a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

Claudio. But in what nature?

Isabella. In such a one as, you consenting to 't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear
And leave you naked.

Claudio. Let me know the point.

Isabella. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle that we tread upon

In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
Claudio. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride
And hug it in mine arms.
Isabella. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die;
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.
Claudio. The priestly Angelo!
Isabella. O, 't is the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In priestly guards! Dost thou think, Claudio?
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed.
Claudio. O heavens! it cannot be.
Isabella. Yes, he would give 't thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night 's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claudio. Thou shalt not do 't.
Isabella. O, were it but my life,
I 'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.
Claudio. Thanks, dear Isabel.
Isabella. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.
Claudio. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.
Isabella. Which is the least?
Claudio. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? O Isabel!
Isabella. What says my brother?
Claudio. Death is a fearful thing.
Isabella. And shamed life a hateful.
Claudio. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thought
Imagine howling! — 't is too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life

That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.
Isabella. Alas, alas!
Claudio. Sweet sister, let me live.
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.
Isabella. O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is 't not a kind of incest to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance!
Die, perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I 'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.
Claudio. Nay, hear me, Isabel.
Isabella. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin 's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd;
'T is best that thou diest quickly.
Claudio. O hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter DUKE

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.
Isabella. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you; the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isabella. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs, but I will attend you awhile. [*Walks apart.*

Duke. Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible. To-morrow you must die; go to your knees and make ready.

Claudio. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there; farewell. — [*Exit Claudio.*] Provost, a word with you!

Re-enter PROVOST

Provost. What 's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid; my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

Provost. In good time.

[*Exit Provost. Isabella comes forward.*

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good; the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness, but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isabella. I am now going to resolve him. I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But, O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit, redeem your brother from the angry law, do no stain to your own gracious person, and much please the absent duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isabella. Let me hear you speak farther. I have

spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isabella. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath and the nuptial appointed, between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity her brother Frederick was wracked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isabella. Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour; in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake, and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them but relents not.

Isabella. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isabella. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long, that the time may have all shadow and silence in it, and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course — and now follows all — we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy foiled. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isabella. The image of it gives me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste

you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me, and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly. 271

Isabella. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene II. *The Street before the Prison*

Enter, on one side, Duke *disguised as before; on the other,* Elbow, *and* Officers *with* Pompey

Elbow. Nay, if there be no remedy for it but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here?

Pompey. 'T was never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb skins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing. 11

Elbow. Come your way, sir. — Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elbow. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir, for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 't is to cram a maw or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice; say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Pompey. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove —

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. — Take him to prison, officer.
Correction and instruction must both work
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elbow. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning. The deputy cannot abide a whoremaster; if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from our faults, as from faults seeming free!

Elbow. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir.

Pompey. I spy comfort; I cry bail. Here 's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

Enter Lucio

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar? art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply, ha? What sayest thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is 't not drowned i' the last rain, ha? What sayest thou, trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it? 53

Duke. Still thus, and thus; still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

Pompey. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 't is good, it is the right of it, it must be so; an unshunned consequence, it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey? 61

Pompey. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 't is not amiss, Pompey. Farewell; go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

Elbow. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then, imprison him. If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 't is his right; bawd he is doubtless, and of antiquity too — bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to

the prison, Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Pompey. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage; if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. — Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

Elbow. Come your ways, sir; come.

Pompey. You will not bail me, then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now. — What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elbow. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, Pompey, go. — [*Exeunt Elbow, Pompey and Officers.*] What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia, other some he is in Rome; but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to 't.

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him; something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred, it is well allied; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation; is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawned him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting of a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'T is not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the duke? yes, your beggar of

fifty, and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish; the duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the duke; and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No, pardon, 't is a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise! why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must upon a warranted need give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, as

our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it. I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more, or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But indeed I can do you little harm; you 'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I 'll be hanged first; thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? For filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the duke we talk of were returned again. This ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light. Would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He 's not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt

brown bread and garlic; say that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue? —
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, *and* Officers *with* MISTRESS OVERDONE

Escalus. Go; away with her to prison!

Mrs. Overdone. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man, good my lord.

Escalus. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind! This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Provost. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Mrs. Overdone. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the duke's time; he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob. I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escalus. That fellow is a fellow of much license; let him be called before us. — Away with her to prison! — Go to; no more words. — [*Exeunt Officers with Mistress Overdone.*] Provost, my brother Angelo

will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow. Let him be furnished with divines and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Provost. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escalus. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you! 220

Escalus. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time; I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See
In special business from his holiness.

Escalus. What news abroad i' the world? 226

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness that the dissolution of it must cure it. Novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure, but security enough to make fellowships accurst. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escalus. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to? 239

Escalus. Rather rejoicing to see another merry than merry at any thing which professed to make

him rejoice; a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer that they may prove prosperous, and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation. 246

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice; yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life which I by my good leisure have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die. 253

Escalus. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself. 262

Escalus. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you! — [*Exeunt Escalus and Provost.*

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;

More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness wade in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply.
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His own betrothed but despis'd;
So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

IN THE PRISON

ACT IV

SCENE I. *The Moated Grange at St. Luke's*

Enter MARIANA *and a* Boy

Boy sings.

Take, O, take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn,

And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again, bring again,—
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.

Mariana. Break off thy song and haste thee quick away;
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent. — [*Exit Boy.*

Enter DUKE *disguised as before*

I cry you mercy, sir, and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical.
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'T is good; though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath anybody inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mariana. You have not been inquired after; I have sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA

Duke. I do constantly believe you. The time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mariana. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and well come.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isabella. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate
That makes his opening with this bigger key.
This other doth command a little door
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise
Upon the heavy middle of the night
To call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isabella. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon 't.
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you greed concerning her observance?

Isabella. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark,
And that I have possess'd him my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along
That stays upon me, whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'T is well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this. — What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.
Isabella. I do desire the like.
Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?
Mariana. Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.
Duke. Take, then, this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure, but make haste.
The vaporous night approaches.
Mariana. Will 't please you walk aside?
[*Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.*
Duke. O place and greatness! millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee; volumes of report 61
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings; thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams
And rack thee in their fancies. —

Re-enter MARIANA *and* ISABELLA

Welcome, how agreed?
Isabella. She 'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.
Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.
Isabella. Little have you to say

[illegible]u depart from him, but, soft and low,
[illegible] now my brother.'
Fear me not.

[illegible] Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
[illegible] husband on a pre-contract;
[illegible] thus together 't is no sin,
[illegible] of your title to him
[illegible] the deceit. Come, let us go;
[illegible] for yet our tilth 's to sow. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *A Room in the Prison*

[illegible] Provost and Pompey

[illegible] Can you cut off a [illegible]

[illegible] I can; but [illegible] head, and I [illegible]

[illegible] scratches, and [illegible] morning are [illegible] our prison [illegible] lacks a [illegible] him, it [illegible] you shall [illegible] and your de- [illegible] you have 14

[illegible] hand time [illegible] lawful [illegible]

hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Provost. What ho! Abhorson! Where 's Abhorson, there?

Enter ABHORSON

Abhorson. Do you call, sir?

Provost. Sirrah, here 's a fellow will help you tomorrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhorson. A bawd, sir? fie upon him; he will discredit our mystery.

Provost. Go to, sir, you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

Pompey. Pray, sir, by your good favour, — for surely, sir, a good favour you have but that you have a hanging look, — do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhorson. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Pompey. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery, and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery; but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

Abhorson. Sir, it is a mystery.

Pompey. Proof?

Abhorson. Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

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Pompey. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter PROVOST

Provost. Are you agreed?

Pompey. Sir, I will serve him, for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Provost. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhorson. Come on, bawd, I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Pompey. I do desire to learn, sir, and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Provost. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio. —

[*Exeunt Pompey and Abhorson*

The one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murtherer, though he were my brother. —

Enter CLAUDIO

Look, here 's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death;
'T is now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where 's Barnardine?

Claudio. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones;
He will not wake.

Provost. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Knocking within.*] But, hark, what noise?
Heaven give your spirits comfort! — [*Exit Claudio.*] By and by. —
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter DUKE *disguised as before*

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?

Provost. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Provost. No.

Duke. They will, then, ere 't be long.

Provost. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There 's some in hope.

Provost. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice.
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others. Were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he 's just. — [*Knocking within.*] Now are they come. — [*Exit Provost.*]
This is a gentle provost; seldom when

The steeled gaoler is the friend of men. — [*Knocking within.*]
How now! what noise? That spirit 's possess'd with haste
That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

Re-enter PROVOST

Provost. There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Provost. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Provost. Happily
You something know, yet, I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we.
Besides upon the very siege of justice
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Messenger. [*Giving a paper*] My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Provost. I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*

Duke. [*Aside*] This is his pardon, purchas'd by such sin
For which the pardoner himself is in.
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority.
When vice makes mercy, mercy 's so extended
That for the fault's love is the offender friended. —
Now, sir, what news?

Provost. I told you. Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let 's hear.

Provost. [Reads] '*Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock, and in the afternoon Barnardine. For my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed, with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.*' What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Provost. A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Provost. His friends still wrought reprieves for

him; and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Provost. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touched?

Provost. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what 's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Provost. He will hear none. He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not; drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it; it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy. If I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite, for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Provost. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Provost. Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Provost. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death 's a great disguiser, and you may add to it. Shave the head and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death; you know the course is common. If anything fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Provost. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Provost. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Provost. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity,

nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke; you know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you.

Provost. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure, where you shall find within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor: perchance of the duke's death; perchance entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be; all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head; I will give him a present shrift and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Another Room in the Same*

Enter Pompey

Pompey. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession; one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here 's young Master Rash;

he 's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds, of which he made five marks, ready money; marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthright the tilter, and brave Master Shooty the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more, all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.

Enter ABHORSON

Abhorson. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pompey. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine!

Abhorson. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnardine. [*Within*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pompey. Your friends, sir, — the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnardine. [*Within*] Away, you rogue, away! I I am sleepy.

Abhorson. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Pompey. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhorson. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pompey. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Abhorson. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pompey. Very ready, sir.

Enter BARNARDINE

Barnardine. How now, Abhorson? what 's the news with you?

Abhorson. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant 's come.

Barnardine. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for 't.

Pompey. O, the better, sir! for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abhorson. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

Enter DUKE *disguised as before*

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnardine. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that 's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore I beseech you
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnardine. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you, —

Barnardine. Not a word; if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward, for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

Duke. Unfit to live or die. O gravel heart! —
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.
[*Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.*

Re-enter PROVOST

Provost. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable.

Provost. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This reprobate till he were well inclin'd
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 't is an accident that heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo. See this be done,

And sent according to command, whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.
Provost. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon;
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come
If he were known alive?
Duke. Let this be done:
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio.
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.
Provost. I am your free dependant.
Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo. — [*Exit Provost.*
Now will I write letters to Angelo, —
The provost, he shall bear them, — whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home,
And that by great injunctions I am bound
To enter publicly. Him I 'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanc'd form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter PROVOST

Provost. Here is the head; I 'll carry it myself.
Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return,

For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.
Provost. I 'll make all speed. [*Exit.*
Isabella. [*Within*] Peace, ho, be here!
Duke. The tongue of Isabel. She 's come to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither;
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA

Isabella. Ho, by your leave!
Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
Isabella. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world;
His head is off and sent to Angelo.
Isabella. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other; show your wisdom, daughter,
In your close patience.
Isabella. O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!
Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.
Isabella. Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! most damned Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot.
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find

By every syllable a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow; nay, dry your eyes;
One of our covent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance. Already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it, go;
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isabella. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter, then, to Friar Peter give;
'T is that he sent me of the duke's return.
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours
I 'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the duke, and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter.
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order
If I pervert your course. — Who 's here?

Enter LUCIO

Lucio. Good even, friar, where 's the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red; thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran: I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to 't. But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother; if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [*Exit Isabella.*

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do; he 's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you 'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I 'll go along with thee. I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I, but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I 'll go with thee to the lane's

end. If bawdy talk offend you, we 'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A room in Angelo's House*

Enter ANGELO *and* ESCALUS

Escalus. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

Angelo. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness; pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there?

Escalus. I guess not.

Angelo. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice they should exhibit their petitions in the street? 11

Escalus. He shows his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Angelo. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed betimes i' the morn; I 'll call you at your house. Give notice to such men of sort and suit as are to meet him.

Escalus. I shall, sir. Fare you well. 20

Angelo. Good night. — [*Exit Escalus.*

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!

And by an eminent body that enforc'd
The law against it! But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no;
For my authority bears so credent bulk
That no particular scandal once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Fields without the Town*

Enter DUKE *in his own habit, and* FRIAR PETER

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.
[*Giving letters.*
The provost knows our purpose and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift,
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.

Friar Peter. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit.*

Enter VARRIUS

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste.
Come, we will walk. There 's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Street near the City Gate*

Enter ISABELLA *and* MARIANA

Isabella. To speak so indirectly I am loath.
I would say the truth, but to accuse him so,
That is your part; yet I am advis'd to do it,
He says, to veil full purpose.
Mariana. Be rul'd by him.
Isabella. Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 't is a physic
That 's bitter to sweet end.
Mariana. I would Friar Peter—
Isabella. O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter FRIAR PETER

Friar Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded;
The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is entering; therefore, hence, away! [*Exeunt.*

THE CITY GATE

ACT V

SCENE I. *The City Gate*

MARIANA *veiled*, ISABELLA, *and* FRIAR PETER, *at their stand.* *Enter* DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, PROVOST, Officers, *and* Citizens, *at several doors*

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met! —
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Angelo.
Escalus. } Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Angelo. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. — Come, Escalus,
You must walk by us on our other hand;
And good supporters are you.

FRIAR PETER *and* ISABELLA *come forward*

Friar Peter. Now is your time; speak loud and kneel before him.

Isabella. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what? by whom? be brief.
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice;
Reveal yourself to him.
Isabella. O worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil.
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear me, here!
Angelo. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm;
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother
Cut off by course of justice, —
Isabella. By course of justice!
Angelo. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.
Isabella. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo 's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo 's a murtherer; is 't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not strange and strange?
Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.
Isabella. It is not truer he is Angelo
Than this is all as true as it is strange.
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.
Duke. Away with her! — Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.
Isabella. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st

There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness! Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike; 't is not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
As Angelo. Even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince.
If he be less, he 's nothing; but he 's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, — as I believe no other, —
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isabella. O gracious duke,
Harp not on that, nor do not banish reason
For inequality; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
Have, sure, more lack of reason. — What would you say?

Isabella. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head, condemn'd by Angelo.
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio

As then the messenger, —
Lucio. That 's I, an 't like your grace.
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
For her poor brother's pardon.
Isabella. That 's he indeed.
Duke. You were not bid to speak.
Lucio. No, my good lord,
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.
Duke. I wish you now, then.
Pray you, take note of it; and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then
Be perfect.
Lucio. I warrant your honour.
Duke. The warrant 's for yourself; take heed to 't.
Isabella. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale, —
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right, but you are i' the wrong
To speak before your time — Proceed.
Isabella. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy, —
Duke. That 's somewhat madly spoken.
Isabella. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again. The matter; proceed.
Isabella. In brief, to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied, —
For this was of much length, — the vile conclusion

I now begin with grief and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him; but the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Duke. This is most likely!
Isabella. O, that it were as like as it is true!
Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself. If he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on;
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.
Isabella. And is this all?
Then, O you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience, and with ripen'd time
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance! — Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!
Duke. I know you 'd fain be gone. — An officer! —

To prison with her! — Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

Isabella. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick!

Duke. A ghostly father, belike. — Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 't is a meddling friar.
I do not like the man; had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me! this' a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! — Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison, — a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Friar Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

Friar Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,

As he 's reported by this gentleman,
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.
Lucio. My lord, most villanously; believe it.
Friar Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himself,
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false, and what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full clear,
Whensoever he 's convented. First, for this woman,
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.
Duke. Good friar, let 's hear it. —
[*Isabella is carried off guarded; and Mariana comes forward.*
Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools! —
Give us some seats. — Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I 'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause. — Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.
Mariana. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mariana. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mariana. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow, then?

Mariana. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you are nothing then; neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow; I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mariana. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And I confess besides I am no maid.
I have known my husband; yet my husband
Knows not that ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mariana. Now I come to 't, my lord:
She that accuses him of fornication
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my lord, with such a time

When I 'll depose I had him in mine arms
With all the effect of love.

Angelo. Charges she moe than me?

Mariana. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say your husband.

Mariana. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

Angelo. This is a strange abuse. — Let 's see thy face.

Mariana. My husband bids me; now I will unmask. [*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on;
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more!

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Angelo. My lord, I must confess I know this woman;
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her, which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition, but in chief

For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity; since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.
Mariana. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife as strongly
As words could make up vows; and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone in 's garden-house
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!
Angelo. I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.
Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them to your height of pleasure. —
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that 's gone, think 'st thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit

That 's seal'd in approbation? — You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 't is deriv'd. —
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Friar Peter. Would he were here, my lord! for he indeed
Hath set the women on to this complaint.
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go do it instantly. — [*Exit Provost.*
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement. I for a while will leave you;
But stir not you till you have well determin'd
Upon these slanderers.

Escalus. My lord, we 'll do it throughly. —
[*Exit Duke.*
Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. Cucullus non facit monachum; honest in nothing but in his clothes, and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the duke.

Escalus. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him; we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escalus. Call that same Isabel here once again; I

would speak with her. — [*Exit an Attendant.*] Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I 'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escalus. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess; perchance, publicly, she 'll be ashamed.

Escalus. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That 's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Re-enter Officers *with* ISABELLA; *and* PROVOST *with the* DUKE *in his friar's habit*

Escalus. Come on, mistress. — Here 's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of, here with the provost.

Escalus. In very good time; speak not you to him till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escalus. Come, sir; did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

Duke. 'T is false.

Escalus. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne! —
Where is the duke? 't is he should hear me speak.

Escalus. The duke 's in us, and we will hear you speak;
Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. — But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress! Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke 's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escalus. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar,
Is 't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain? and then to glance from him
To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice? —
Take him hence; to the rack with him! — We 'll touze you
Joint by joint but we will know his purpose.
What, unjust!

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial. My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o'er-run the stew; laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanc'd that the strong statutes

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escalus. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison!

Angelo. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'T is he, my lord. — Come hither, goodman bald-pate; do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice; I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report; you, indeed, spoke so of him, and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O, thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the duke as I love myself.

Angelo. Hark, how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses!

Escalus. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal. — Away with him to prison! Where is the provost? — Away with him to prison! lay bolts enough upon

him; let him speak no more. — Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion!

Duke. [*To Provost*] Stay, sir; stay awhile.

Angelo. What, resists he? — Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir! Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will 't not off?

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood and discovers the Duke.*

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st a duke. —

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three. —

[*To Lucio*] Sneak not away, sir, for the friar and you Must have a word anon. — Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke [*To Escalus*] What you have spoke I pardon; sit you down.

We 'll borrow place of him. — [*To Angelo*] Sir, by your leave.

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Angelo. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince,

No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession.
Immediate sentence then and sequent death
Is all the grace I beg.
Duke. Come hither, Mariana.—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?
Angelo. I was, my lord.
Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again.—Go with him, provost.
[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, and Provost.*
Escalus. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour
Than at the strangeness of it.
Duke. Come hither, Isabel.
Your friar is now your prince; as I was then
Advertising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.
Isabella. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty!
Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel;
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,

Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose. But, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear. Make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Isabella. I do, my lord.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER, *and* PROVOST

Duke. For this new-married man approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake; but as he adjudg'd your brother, —
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity and of promise-breach
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life, —
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!'
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and MEASURE still FOR MEASURE. —
Then, Angelo, thy fault 's thus manifested,
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste. —
Away with him!

Mariana. O my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life
And choke your good to come. For his possessions,
Although by confutation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.
Mariana. O my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.
Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.
Mariana. Gentle my liege, — [*Kneeling.*
Duke. You do but lose your labour. —
Away with him to death! — [*To Lucio*] Now, sir, to you.
Mariana. O my good lord! — Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I 'll lend you all my life to do you service.
Duke. Against all sense you do importune her.
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break
And take her hence in horror.
Mariana. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I 'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad; so may my husband.
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?
Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isabella. Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd. I partly think
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds
Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died.
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way. Thoughts are no subjects,—
Intents but merely thoughts.
Mariana. Merely, my lord.
Duke. Your suit 's unprofitable; stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault.—
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?
Provost. It was commanded so.
Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?
Provost. No, my good lord: it was by private message.
Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office;
Give up your keys.
Provost. Pardon me, noble lord.
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me, after more advice;
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,

I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What 's he?

Provost. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio. —
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*

Escalus. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Angelo. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure,
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'T is my deserving and I do entreat it.

Re-enter PROVOST, *with* BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO *muffled, and* JULIET

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Provost. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man. —
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou 'rt condemn'd;
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come. — Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand. — What muffled fellow 's that?

Provost. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,

Who should have died when Claudio lost his head,
As like almost to Claudio as himself. [*Unmuffles Claudio.*
Duke. [*To Isabella*] If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd; and, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too; — but fitter time for that.
By this Lord Angelo perceives he 's safe;
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye. —
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well.
Look that you love your wife; her worth worth yours. —
I find an apt remission in myself;
And yet here 's one in place I cannot pardon. —
[*To Lucio*] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman,
Wherein have I deserved so of you
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after. —
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
If any woman 's wrong'd by this lewd fellow —
As I have heard him swear himself there 's one
Whom he begot with child — let her appear,
And he shall marry her; the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore. Your highness said even now, I made you a duke; good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits. — Take him to prison
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it. —

[*Exeunt Officers with Lucio.*

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore. —
Joy to you, Mariana! — Love her, Angelo;
I have confess'd her and I know her virtue. —
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness;
There 's more behind that is more gratulate. —
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place. —
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
The offence pardons itself. — Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you 'll a willing ear incline,
What 's mine is yours and what is yours is mine. —
So, bring us to our palace, where we 'll show
What 's yet behind that 's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES

DEATH AND THE FOOL

NOTES

INTRODUCTION

THE METRE OF THE PLAY. — It should be understood at the outset that *metre*, or the mechanism of verse, is something altogether distinct from the *music* of verse. The one is matter of rule, the other of taste and feeling. Music is not an absolute necessity of verse; the metrical form is a necessity, being that which constitutes the verse.

The plays of Shakespeare (with the exception of rhymed passages, and of occasional songs and interludes) are all in unrhymed or *blank* verse; and the normal form of this blank verse is illustrated by the sixth line of the present play: "Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice."

This line, it will be seen, consists of ten syllables, with the even syllables (2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, and 10th) accented, the odd syllables (1st, 3d, etc.) being unaccented. Theoretically, it is made up of five *feet* of two syllables each, with the accent on the second syllable. Such a foot is called an *iambus* (plural, *iambuses*, or the Latin *iambi*), and the form of verse is called *iambic*.

This fundamental law of Shakespeare's verse is subject to certain modifications, the most important of which are as follows: —

1. After the tenth syllable an unaccented syllable (or even two such syllables) may be added, forming what is sometimes called a *female* line; as in i. 1. 5: "Since I am put to know that your own science." The rhythm is complete with the first syllable of *science*, the second being an extra eleventh syllable. See also lines 9, 12, 13, 14, 20, 23, etc. In i. 2. 155 we have two extra syllables in *Juliet*.

2. The accent in any part of the verse may be shifted from an even to an odd syllable; as in i. 1. 19: "Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love;" and 25: "Always obedient to your grace's will." In both lines the accent is shifted from the second to the first syllable. This change occurs very rarely in the tenth syllable, and seldom in the fourth; and it is not allowable in two successive accented syllables.

3. An extra unaccented syllable may occur in any part of the line; as in i. 1. 3, 4, and 27. In 3 and 4 the word *to* is superfluous, and in 27 the second syllable of *character*. In 28 the word *the* is superfluous.

4. Any unaccented syllable, occurring in an even place immediately before or after an even syllable which is properly accented, is reckoned as accented for the purposes of the verse; as, for instance, in lines 15 and 20. In 15 the last syllable of *Angelo*, and in 20 the first of *deputation*, are metrically equivalent to accented syllables; and so with the third syllable of *excellence* in 37 and of *creditor* in 39.

5. In many instances in Shakespeare words must be *lengthened* in order to fill out the rhythm: —

(*a*) In a large class of words in which *e* or *i* is followed by another vowel, the *e* or *i* is made a separate syllable; as *ocean*, *opinion*, *soldier*, *patience*, *partial*, *marriage*, etc. For instance, in this play, i. 1. 47 ("Take thy commission. Now, good my lord") appears to have only nine syllables, but *commission* is a quadrisyllable; and *Russia* in ii. 1. 138 ("This will last out a night in Russia") is a trisyllable, with two accents. This lengthening

occurs most frequently at the end of the line, but see note on i. 1. 47.

(*b*) Many monosyllables ending in *r*, *re*, *rs*, *res*, preceded by a long vowel or diphthong, are often made dissyllables; as *fare*, *fear*, *dear*, *fire*, *hair*, *hour*, *more*, *your*, etc. If the word is repeated in a verse it is often both monosyllable and dissyllable; as in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 20: "And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so," where either *yours* (preferably the first) is a dissyllable, the other being a monosyllable. In *J. C.* iii. 1. 172: "As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity," the first *fire* is a dissyllable.

(*c*) Words containing *l* or *r*, preceded by another consonant, are often pronounced as if a vowel came between or after the consonants; as in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 158: "While she did call me rascal fiddler" [fiddl(e)er]; *All 's Well*, iii. 5. 43: "If you will tarry, holy pilgrim" [pilg(e)rim]; *C. of E.* v. 1. 360: "These are the parents of these children" (childeren, the original form of the word); *W. T.* iv. 4. 76: "Grace and remembrance [remembrance] be to you both!" etc.

(*d*) Monosyllabic exclamations (*ay*, *O*, *yea*, *nay*, *hail*, etc.) and monosyllables otherwise emphasized are similarly lengthened; also certain longer words; as *commandement* in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 451; *safety* (trisyllable) in *Ham.* i. 3. 21; *business* (trisyllable, as originally pronounced) in *J. C.* iv. 1. 22: "To groan and sweat under the business" (so in several other passages); and other words mentioned in the notes to the plays in which they occur.

6. Words are also *contracted* for metrical reasons, like plurals and possessives ending in a sibilant, as *balance*, *horse* (for *horses* and *horse's*), *princess*, *sense*, *marriage* (plural and possessive), *image*, etc. So with many adjectives in the superlative (like *wicked'st* in v. 1. 53, *stern'st*, *kind'st*, *secret'st*, etc.), and certain other words.

7. The *accent* of words is also varied in many instances for metrical reasons. Thus we find both *révenue* and *revénue* in the first scene of *M. N. D.* (lines 6 and 158), *cómplete* (see on

i. 3. 3) and *complète, édict* and *edict* (see on ii. 2. 92), *sévere* (see on ii. 2. 41) and *sevére, cóntract* and *contráct* (see on i. 2. 134), *cónfine* (noun) and *confine, púrsue* and *pursúe, distinct* and *distinct*, etc.

These instances of variable accent must not be confounded with those in which words were uniformly accented differently in the time of Shakespeare; like *aspéct, impórtune* (see on i. 1. 56 and v. 1. 433), *sepúlchre* (verb), *perséver* (never *persevére*), *perséverance, rheúmatic*, etc.

8. *Alexandrines*, or verses of twelve syllables, with six accents, occur here and there in the plays. They must not be confounded with female lines with two extra syllables (see on 1 above) or with other lines in which two extra unaccented syllables may occur.

9. *Incomplete* verses, of one or more syllables, are scattered through the plays. See i. 1. 1, 2, 75, 80, etc.

10. *Doggerel* measure is used in the very earliest comedies (*L. L. L.* and *C. of E.* in particular) in the mouths of comic characters, but nowhere else in those plays, and never anywhere in plays written after 1598.

11. *Rhyme* occurs frequently in the early plays, but diminishes with comparative regularity from that period until the latest. Thus, in *L. L. L.* there are about 1100 rhyming verses (about one-third of the whole number), in *M. N. D.* about 900, in *Rich. II.* and *R. and J.* about 500 each, while in *Cor.* and *A. and C.* there are only about 40 each, in *Temp.* only two, and in *W. T.* none at all, except in the chorus introducing act iv, which may not be Shakespeare's. Songs, interludes, and other matter not in ten-syllable measure are not included in this enumeration. In the present play, out of some 1500 ten-syllable verses, only about 80 are in rhyme.

Alternate rhymes are found only in the plays written before 1599 or 1600. In *M. of V.* there are only four lines at the end of iii. 2. In *Much Ado* and *A. Y. L.* we also find a few lines, but none at all in this and subsequent plays.

Rhymed couplets, or "rhyme-tags," are often found at the end of scenes; as in 7 of the 17 scenes of the present play. In *Ham.* 14 out of 20 scenes, and in *Macb.* 21 out of 28, have such "tags;" but in the latest plays they are not so frequent. In *Temp.*, for instance, there is but one, and in *W. T.* none.

12. In this edition of Shakespeare, the final *-ed* of past tenses and participles *in verse* is printed *-'d* when the word is to be pronounced in the ordinary way; as in *dress'd*, line 19, and *touch'd*, line 35, of the first scene. But when the metre requires that the *-ed* be made a separate syllable, the *e* is retained; as in *enriched*, line 12, where the word is a trisyllable. The only variation from this rule is in verbs like *cry*, *die*, *sue*, etc., the *-ed* of which is very rarely, if ever, made a separate syllable.

SHAKESPEARE'S USE OF VERSE AND PROSE IN THE PLAYS.—This is a subject to which the critics have given very little attention, but it is an interesting study. In this play we find scenes entirely in verse (none entirely in prose) and others in which the two are mixed. In general, we may say that verse is used for what is distinctly poetical, and prose for what is not poetical. The distinction, however, is not so clearly marked in the earlier as in the later plays. The second scene of *M. of V.*, for instance, is in prose, because Portia and Nerissa are talking about the suitors in a familiar and playful way; but in *T. G. of V.*, where Julia and Lucetta are discussing the suitors of the former in much the same fashion, the scene is in verse. Dowden, commenting on *Rich. II.*, remarks: "Had Shakespeare written the play a few years later, we may be certain that the gardener and his servants (iii. 4) would not have uttered stately speeches in verse, but would have spoken homely prose, and that humour would have mingled with the pathos of the scene. The same remark may be made with reference to the subsequent scene (v. 5) in which his groom visits the dethroned king in the Tower." Comic characters and those in low life generally speak in prose in the later plays, as Dowden intimates, but in the very earliest ones doggerel verse is much used instead.

The change from prose to verse is well illustrated in the third scene of *M. of V.* It begins with plain prosaic talk about a business matter; but when Antonio enters, it rises at once to the higher level of poetry. The sight of Antonio reminds Shylock of his hatred of the Merchant, and the passion expresses itself in verse, the vernacular tongue of poetry.

The reasons for the choice of prose or verse are not always so clear as in this instance. We are seldom puzzled to explain the prose, but not unfrequently we meet with verse where we might expect prose. As Professor Corson remarks (*Introduction to Shakespeare*, 1889), "Shakespeare adopted verse as the general tenor of his language, and therefore expressed much in verse that is within the capabilities of prose; in other words, his verse constantly encroaches upon the domain of prose, but his prose can never be said to encroach upon the domain of verse." If in rare instances we think we find exceptions to this latter statement, and prose actually seems to usurp the place of verse, I believe that careful study of the passage will prove the supposed exception to be apparent rather than real.

Some Books for Teachers and Students.—A few out of the many books that might be commended to the teacher and the critical student are the following: Halliwell-Phillipps's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* (7th ed. 1887); Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* (1898; for ordinary students the abridged ed. of 1899 is preferable); Rolfe's *Life of Shakespeare;* Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon* (3d ed. 1902); Littledale's ed. of Dyce's *Glossary* (1902); Bartlett's *Concordance to Shakespeare* (1895); Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (1873); Furness's "New Variorum" ed. of the plays (encyclopædic and exhaustive); Dowden's *Shakspere: His Mind and Art* (American ed. 1881); Hudson's *Life, Art, and Characters of Shakespeare* (revised ed. 1882); Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Women* (several eds.; some with the title, *Shakespeare Heroines*); Ten Brink's *Five Lectures on Shakespeare* (1895); Boas's *Shakespeare and His Predecessors* (1895); Dyer's

Folk-lore of Shakespeare (American ed. 1884); Gervinus's *Shakespeare Commentaries* (Bunnett's translation, 1875); Wordsworth's *Shakespeare's Knowledge of the Bible* (3d ed. 1880); Elson's *Shakespeare in Music* (1901).

Some of the above books will be useful to all readers who are interested in special subjects or in general criticism of Shakespeare. Among those which are better suited to the needs of ordinary readers and students, the following may be mentioned: Mabie's *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man* (1900); Dowden's *Shakspere Primer* (1877; small but invaluable); Rolfe's *Shakespeare the Boy* (1896; not a mere juvenile book, but treating of the home and school life, the games and sports, the manners, customs, and folk-lore of the poet's time); Guerber's *Myths of Greece and Rome* (for young students who may need information on mythological allusions not explained in the notes).

H. Snowden Ward's *Shakespeare's Town and Times* (2d ed. 1902) and John Leyland's *Shakespeare Country* (2d ed. 1903) are copiously illustrated books (yet inexpensive) which may be particularly commended for school libraries.

ABBREVIATIONS IN THE NOTES. — The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

Other abbreviations that hardly need explanation are *Cf.* (*confer*, compare), *Fol.* (following), *Id.* (*idem*, the same), and *Prol.* (prologue). The numbers of the lines in the references (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" edition (the cheapest and best edition of *Shakespeare* in one compact volume), which is now generally accepted as the standard for line-numbers in works of reference (Schmidt's *Lexicon*, Abbott's *Grammar*, Dowden's *Primer*, the publications of the New Shakspere Society, etc.).

ACT I

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—The following list is given in the folio at the end of the play: —

The Scene Vienna.

The names of all the Actors.

Vincentio, the Duke.
Angelio, the Deputie.
Escalus, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a yong Gentleman.
Lucio, a fantastique.
2. other like Gentlemen.
Prouost.

Thomas. } *2. Friers.*
Peter. }
Elbow, a simple Constable.
Froth, a foolish Gentleman.
Clowne.
Abhorson, an Executioner.
Barnardine, a dissolute prisoner.
Isabella, sister to Claudio.
Mariana, betrothed to Angelio.
Iuliet, beloued of Claudio.
Francisca, a Nun.
Mistris Ouer-don, a Bawd.

SCENE I. — 5. *Put to know.* Compelled to acknowledge. Cf. *2 Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 43: "had I first put to speak my mind;" and *Cymb.* ii. 3. 110: "You put me to forget a lady's manners."

6. *Lists.* Bounds, limits. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 1. 76: "Confine yourself within a patient list;" and see also *Ham.* iv. 5. 99, *Hen. V.* v. 2. 295, etc.

7, 8. *No more remains But that,* etc. A passage which has perplexed the commentators. The folio reads: —

> "Then no more remaines
> But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
> And let them worke:"

Theobald conjectured that something had been lost, and attempted to supply it thus: —

> "But that to your sufficiency you add
> Due diligency as your worth is able."

Hanmer gave: —

> "But that to your suficiency you join
> A will to serve us as your worth is able;"

and Tyrwhitt conjectured: —

> "But that to your suficiency you put
> A zeal as willing as your worth is able."

Sundry other ways of filling the supposed gap have been proposed, but these will serve as samples. Others have assumed that the passage is not defective but corrupt, and have tried to emend it by reading "But that to your sufficiencies your worth is abled;" "But your sufficiency as worth is able;" "But thereto your sufficiency," etc.; "But add to your sufficiency your worth, And let," etc. The pointing in the text is due to White, who takes *that* to be the demonstrative referring to *science*, and *remains* to be = is wanting. The meaning then is: "then, as your worth is able [that is, your high character rendering you competent], no more is wanting to complete your capacity for the fulfilment of your trust but that [that is, that knowledge of government of which I have just spoken]; and let them [that is, that knowledge and your worth] work together." If *that* does not refer to *science*, it may refer, as Verplanck suggests, "to the commission, which the Duke must have in his hand, or before him," as is evident from 13 just below. Staunton explains *that* in the same way, and would read:

> "But that [*tendering his commission*] to your sufficiency,
> And, as your worth is able, let them work."

Clarke finds the antecedent of *that* in *strength* = "the governing power embodied in the *commission* he gives him." Any one of these interpretations of the original text is to be preferred to any of the proposed emendations, except perhaps Tyrwhitt's, which is plausible in thought but not like S. in expression.

10. *Terms.* "The technical language of the courts. An old book called *Les Termes de la ley* (written in Henry the Eighth's time) was in Shakespeare's days, and is now, the accidence of young students in the law" (Blackstone).

11. *Pregnant.* Ready. Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 4. 90: "most prompt and pregnant." See also *Lear*, ii. 1. 78, *Ham.* iii. 2. 66, etc.

14. *Warp.* Deviate. It is used in a somewhat similar figurative way (change from a straight or proper course) in *A. Y. L.* iii. 3. 90. See also iii. 1. 141 below.

16. *What figure of us,* etc. How do you think he will *represent* or *personate* us?

17. *With special soul.* This expression has troubled some of the critics, and "roll" and "seal" have been suggested in its place. Of course it is = with special preference, *soul* being used as *heart* often is. Steevens compares *Temp.* iii. 1. 44: —

> "for several virtues
> Have I lik'd several women, never any
> With so full soul," etc.

20. *Deputation.* Deputyship, vicegerency. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 32, iv. 3. 87, etc.

27. *Character.* In its original sense of writing; as in i. 2. 155 and v. 1. 11 below. Johnson asks, "What is there peculiar in this, that a man's *life* informs the observer of his *history?*" and conjectures "look" for *life.* Mason thought that *character* and *history* should be transposed. Of course, no change is called for, the meaning being simply: in the record of your outward life we read your whole history.

29. *Belongings.* Endowments; used by S. only here.

30. *So proper.* So personally or peculiarly. Cf. *T. of A.* i. 2. 106: "What better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends?" See also v. 1. 110 below.

31. *They on thee.* Hanmer "corrected" *they* to "them," and has been followed by many editors; but such slips in pronouns are common in S. Cf. iii. 1. 215 below.

33. *For if our virtues,* etc. Theobald quotes Horace's

> "Paulum sepultae distat inertiae
> Celata virtus."

36. *To fine issues.* "For high purposes" (Johnson).

38. *She determines*, etc. "She *requires and allots* to *herself* the same advantages that creditors usually enjoy, — thanks for the endowments she has bestowed, and extraordinary exertions in those whom she hath thus favoured, by way of *interest* for what she has lent" (Malone). For *use* = interest, cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 288: "He lent it me awhile, and I gave him use for it," etc.

40. *But I do bend my speech*, etc. "I direct my speech to one who is able to teach me how to govern" (Warburton). *My part in him* = my office delegated to him. For *advertise* = instruct, cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 178: —

> "Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
> Whether our daughter were legitimate," etc.

The accent in S. is regularly on the penult. See also v. 1. 383 below.

42. *Hold, therefore, Angelo.* If nothing has been lost here, we must accept Steevens's explanation that this is what the duke says on tendering his commission to him. *Hold* is often used in this interjectional way both alone and in connection with another verb; as in *M. W.* i. 3. 88: "Hold, bear you these letters;" *Id.* i. 4. 166: "Hold, there 's money for thee," etc. So also reflexively; as in *A. W.* iv. 5. 46: "Hold thee, there 's my purse;" *J. C.* v. 3. 85: "Hold thee, take this garland on thy brow," etc. Johnson explains it: "That is, continue to be Angelo; hold as thou art." Tyrwhitt thinks that "the duke may be understood to speak of himself: Let me therefore hold, or stop," as if checking himself in a needless exhortation.

43. *In our remove.* In our absence.

44. *Mortality and mercy*, etc. "That is, 'I delegate to thy tongue the power of pronouncing sentence of death, and to thy heart the privilege of exercising mercy.' These are words of great import, and ought to be made clear, as on them depends the chief incident of the play" (Douce).

46. *First in question.* "First called for, first appointed"

(Johnson). Schmidt makes it = "first in consideration," which is perhaps to be preferred.

47. *Commission.* Metrically a quadrisyllable. This making two syllables of *-ion* is rare in the middle of a line. To the examples given by Abbott (*Grammar*, 479) I can, however, add the present, with 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 62 ("division"), 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 133 ("rebellion"), and *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 1 ("commission"). Cf. "patient" in 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 215.

51. *Leaven'd.* Well considered; "not declared as soon as it fell into the imagination, but suffered to work long in the mind" (Johnson).

54. *That it prefers itself,* etc. That is, it places itself before the most important business. *Unquestioned* = unexamined; as in *A. W.* ii. 1. 211.

56. *Importune.* Always accented on the penult by S. Cf. v. 1. 429 below.

61. *Bring you.* Escort or accompany you; as often. See *W. T.* iv. 3. 122, *Hen. V.* ii. 3. 1, etc. Cf. *Genesis*, xviii. 16, *Acts*, xxi. 5, 2 *Corinthians*, i. 16, etc. The adverbial use of *something* is common.

64. *Your scope.* "Your amplitude of power" (Johnson).

68. *Stage me.* Make a show of myself. For the verb, cf. *A. and C.* iii. 13. 30 and v. 2. 217. On the passage, see p. 10 above.

70. *Aves.* "All-hails" (*Cor.* v. 3. 139), acclamations.

72. *Does affect it.* Is fond of it, or pleased with it; a common use of *affect.*

78. *To look into the bottom of my place.* That is, to know it thoroughly.

SCENE II. — 4. *Its.* One of the rare instances of the word in S. and the only one in the folio with the modern spelling. Elsewhere (nine times), the form is "it's." The possessive *it* is found fourteen times, in seven of which it precedes *own.* In our version of the Bible *its* occurs only in *Leviticus*, xxv. 5, where the ed. of 1611

has "of it own accord." In the present passage it will be noted that *its* is emphatic.

16. *That prays for peace.* A petition for peace was included in the form of grace then in common use. Hanmer changes *before* to "after;" and the Cambridge editors remark: "Hanmer's reading is recommended by the fact that in the old forms of grace used in many colleges, and, as we are informed, at the Inns of Court, the prayer for peace comes always after, and never before, meat. But as the mistake may easily have been made by S., or else deliberately put into the mouth of the 1st Gentleman, we have not altered the text."

21. *What, in metre?* Knight makes this refer to the ancient metrical graces arranged to be said or sung. Schmidt thinks it may mean "in a play, on the stage." *Proportion* in the reply may be = "measure," as Warburton explains it, or simply = form, arrangement.

24. *Grace is grace,* etc. "Grace is as immutably grace as his merry antagonist is a *wicked villain.* Difference in religion cannot make a *grace* not to be *grace,* a *prayer* not to be *holy;* as nothing can make a *villain* not to be a *villain*" (Johnson).

27. *There went but a pair of shears between us.* We are cut out of the same piece of cloth. Malone quotes Marston, *Malcontent,* 1604: "There goes but a pair of shears betwixt an emperor and the son of a bagpiper; only the dyeing, dressing, pressing, and glossing makes the difference."

33. *Had as lief.* Good English then as now, grammar-mongers to the contrary notwithstanding.

34. *Piled.* "A quibble between *piled* = peeled, stripped of hair, bald (from the French disease), and *piled* as applied to velvet, *three-piled* velvet meaning the finest and costliest kind" (Dyce).

39. *Forget to drink after thee.* That is, lest I catch the disease in that way.

40. *Done myself wrong.* Put myself in the wrong. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 443, etc.

46. *I have purchased*, etc. I have acquired or got, etc. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 360, *A. W.* iii. 1. 70, etc. See also iv. 2. 109 below.

The folio continues this speech to Lucio, but the context shows that it belongs to the 1st Gentleman, to whom Pope transferred it.

50. *Dolours.* For the play on *dollars*, cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 17 and *Lear*, ii. 4. 54.

52. *A French crown.* A common expression for a bald head, being a kindred joke to that in 34 above. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 2. 99: "Some of your French crowns have no hair at all," etc.

56. *Thy bones are hollow.* Steevens quotes *T. of A.* iv. 3. 152:

> "Consumptions sow
> In hollow bones of man."

83. *The sweat.* The plague, which was popularly known as "the sweating sickness." See p. 10 above.

95. *Houses in the suburbs.* Houses of ill-fame were chiefly in the suburbs. Cf. ii. 1. 64 below.

112. *Thomas.* A name commonly applied to tapsters, probably for the sake of the alliteration.

116. *Enter* PROVOST, etc. The folio begins a new scene, "Scæna Tertia," here, and is followed by some modern eds.; but there is evidently no change of scene. Some would omit the name of *Juliet* here; but the preceding line indicates that she is on the stage, though it is evident from 147 below that she is not within hearing, nor near the speaker. The Cambridge editors suppose that she was "following at a distance behind, in her anxiety for the fate of her lover." At the end of the play she appears again without saying anything.

122. *The words of heaven*, etc. Some editors adopt the conjecture of Roberts, "The sword of heaven;" but I accept Henley's explanation of the original text: "*Authority*, being absolute in Angelo, is finely styled by Claudio *the demi-god.* To this uncontrollable power the poet applies a passage from *St. Paul to the Romans*, ix. 15, 18, which he properly styles *the words of heaven*:

'for he saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy,' etc.; and again: 'Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy,' etc." The folio (followed by the Cambridge ed.) has no stop after *weight*, but the reading in the text (due to Davenant) is generally adopted.

127. *Scope.* Liberty, license; as in i. 3. 35 below.

129. *Ravin down.* Ravenously devour. Cf. *Macb.* ii. 4. 28:—

> "Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up
> Thine own life's means!"

and *Cymb.* i. 6. 49: "ravining first the lamb." Note also the adjective in *A. W.* iii. 2. 120: "the ravin lion."

Their proper bane = their own poison or destruction. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 60: "Their proper selves," etc.

130. *A thirsty evil.* In Sir William Davenant's *Law against Lovers*, which is founded on this play and *Much Ado* (see Appendix), this is changed to "An evil thirst."

134. *Morality.* The folios misprint "mortality;" corrected by Rowe (after Davenant). *Morality* is used by S. nowhere else. *Foppery* = folly; as in *M. of V.* ii. 5. 35 and *Lear*, i. 2. 128.

145. *Contract.* Accented by S. on the first or second syllable, as suits the measure. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 84: "A contract of true love to celebrate," etc.

146. *Possession.* Some make this word a quadrisyllable (see on i. 1. 47 above), and the line an Alexandrine; but it is clearly better to consider it an ordinary line of five feet, with extra syllables which are easily slurred in pronunciation. Cf. the preceding line and 148 just below.

148. *Denunciation.* Proclamation, declaration; the only instance of the word in S. Minsheu, 1617, has "To denounce or declare," and Cooper, 1578, "*Denuntiare*,—to shew or tell to another, to give knowledge, to signifie, to denounce," etc.

150. *Propagation.* The reading of the later folios; the 1st has "propógation." S. uses the word only here. Malone conjectures

"prorogation," and White reads "preservation." A writer in the *Edin. Mag.*, Nov. 1786, thinks that *propagation* may be from the Italian *pagare*, to pay, and = payment; but this is improbable. It is more likely = continuing, keeping up. The *dowry* would appear to have been in some way dependent on *her friends'* approval of her chosen husband, and the couple wanted to keep up their hold upon it until they had managed to gain the favour of those in charge of it. For this use of *propagate*, cf. Chapman, *Odyssey*, xvi.: —

> "to try if we,
> Alone, may propagate to victory
> Our bold encounters;"

and again, *Iliad*, iv.: —

> "I doubt not but this night
> Even to the fleete to propagate the Greeks' unturned flight."

158. *The fault and glimpse.* "The faulty glimpse: a fault arising from the mind being dazzled by a *novel* authority of which the new governor has yet had only a *glimpse*, has yet taken only a hasty survey" (Malone). "The illusion of *newness* is conceived as a kind of half-light" (Herford).

165. *Stagger.* Waver, am perplexed. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 3. 49.

166. *Awakes me.* The "ethical dative."

167. *Like unscour'd armour.* Steevens quotes *T. and C.* iii. 3. 152: —

> "Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail,
> In monumental mockery."

168. *Nineteen zodiacs.* Nineteen circuits of the sun, or years. *Zodiac* occurs again in *T. A.* ii. 1. 7. Whalley would change *nineteen* to "fourteen," on account of i. 3. 21; just as there Theobald reads "nineteen" for *fourteen.* Clarke remarks: "It is most characteristic that a young fellow like Claudio should carelessly mention *somewhere about* the period in question, while the staid Duke cites it exactly." It may, however, be one of the poet's little slips in numbers. Dr. Nicholson suggests that the law was made

nineteen years ago, but that the Duke has reigned only fourteen years.

169. *Worn.* Put in use; suggested by the simile of the *armour*.

173. *Tickle.* Ticklish, precarious. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 216: "on a tickle point;" the only other instance in S. *Ticklish* occurs only in *T. and C.* iv. 5. 61 (where the folio has "tickling").

179. *Receive her approbation.* Enter upon her *probation* (cf. v. 1. 72 below), or novitiate. Malone quotes *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608: —

> "Madam, for a twelvemonth's approbation
> We mean to make the trial of our child."

181. *In my voice.* In my name; as in *A. Y. L.* ii. 4. 87: "And in my voice most welcome shall you be."

184. *Prone.* Variously explained by the editors: "prompt, ready" (Nares); "significant, expressive" (Malone); "humble" (Steevens and White); "deferential, gently submissive and supplicatory" (Clarke), etc. Schmidt explains *prone and speechless* as "speechlessly prone, prone even without speaking, speaking fervently and eager without words;" and Herford as "language of mute and eager entreaty." This may be the meaning. Davenant changes the word to "sweet;" which, as Steevens remarks, shows, like other of his alterations, "that what appear difficulties to us were difficulties to him, who, living nearer the time of S., might be supposed to have understood his language more intimately."

189. *Grievous imposition.* "Under grievous *penalties imposed*" (Johnson).

190. *Who.* Often = *which*, which some substitute here.

192. *Tick-tack.* A sort of backgammon (Fr. *tric-trac*); mentioned by S. only here.

SCENE III. — 2. *Dribbling.* Weak, ineffectual. Possibly the word should be *dribbing*, as *dribber* (see *New Eng. Dict.*) was applied to an archer who *dribs*, or shoots badly. The noun is

used by Ascham, and the verb by Golding, Churchyard, and Sidney. But *dribble* occurs in Golding in the same sense.

3. *Complete.* Accented on the first syllable because coming *before* the noun. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 137: "A maid of grace and complete majesty;" *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 189: "Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st," etc. See, on the other hand, *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 73: "He is complete in feature and in mind;" *K. John*, ii. 1. 433: "Is the young Dauphin every way complete," etc. For many examples of this changeable accent of dissyllabic adjectives and participles, see Schmidt, p. 1413 fol.

8. *The life remov'd.* A life of retirement. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 360, *W. T.* v. 2. 116, etc.

10. *Bravery.* Finery, showy dress; as in *T. of S.* iv. 3. 57: "With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery." See also *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 80, etc. *Keeps* = dwells; as it is still used in some parts of this country.

12. *Stricture.* Strictness; the only instance of the word in S. *Strictness*, which Davenant substitutes, he does not use at all. Warburton would read "strict ure," *ure* being "an old word for *use*, practice." Steevens notes that it occurs in *Promos and Cassandra:* "The crafty man oft puts these wrongs in ure."

20. *Steeds.* The folios have "weedes;" corrected by Theobald. In the next line, the folios have "slip" for *sleep*, which is Davenant's word. Cf. ii. 2. 90 below. Some would retain "weeds," which, according to Collier, is "a term applied to an ill-conditioned horse." The "Henry Irving" ed. has both "weeds" and "slip," quoting Mr. W. G. Stone, who says: "Shakespeare was careless in linking metaphors. I think it possible that he combined the idea of a well-bitted horse (literally equivalent to enforcement of law), and the picture of a rank, noisome growth of weeds, suffered to spring up in a fair garden (literally equivalent to relaxation of law)."

21. *This fourteen.* See on i. 2. 168 above. For *this* with a plural, cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 134: "this seven year," etc.

27. *Becomes.* Not in the folio; inserted by Pope and adopted by the Cambridge ed.

30. *Quite athwart.* Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 36 (the only other instance of the adverb in S.): —

> "when all athwart there came
> A post from Wales loaden with heavy news."

35. *Sith.* Since; as in iv. 1. 74 below. S. uses it not unfrequently, and *sithence* twice.

38. *Permissive.* The only instance of the word in S.

42. *And yet my nature never in the fight.* And yet I myself never appearing in the fight. Pope changed *fight* to "sight;" but *strike home* and *ambush* favour its retention as carrying out the metaphor of a contest or struggle.

43. *To do me slander.* The folios have "To do in slander." Hanmer reads "To do it slander;" and there is not much choice between that and the reading in the text, which is Halliwell-Phillipps's. Steevens, in support of Hanmer's, cites 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 8: "Do me no slander, Douglas." The meaning of the whole passage is thus put by Clarke: "Angelo may, under cover of my name, enforce the law, while I take no part in the exertion that is opposed to my nature, and might bring me blame." Clarke reads "do it slander," *it* referring of course to *nature;* and the sense is obviously the same whether we read *it* or *me.*

47. *Bear me.* Bear or conduct myself. The folio omits *me,* which Capell supplied, and which is generally adopted.

51. *Stands at a guard with.* Is on his guard against; or "stands cautiously on his defence" (Mason). Johnson makes it = "stands on terms of defiance."

Scene IV. — 5. *Votarists.* For the feminine use, cf. *Oth.* iv. 2. 190. In *T. of A.* iv. 3. 27, Pope reads "Upon the sister votarists," etc.

17. *Stead.* Help, be of service to; as in *M. of V.* i. 3. 7: "May

you stead me?" We still say "it stands me in good stead." Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 6. 31.

27. *For that which.* Malone conjectured "That for which;" but the preposition is often omitted in the relative clause when it has been used with the antecedent. Cf. ii. 1. 15 and ii. 2. 119 below.

30. *Make me not your story.* Make me not your subject of mirth, or your jest. Cf. *M. W.* v. 5. 170: "I am your theme" (that is, the subject of your jests, your laughing-stock). The commentators have needlessly tinkered the passage.

32. *The lapwing.* The bird builds its nest on the ground, and is said to divert attention from it by running or flying to a distance and attracting the sportsman thither by fluttering and crying. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 2. 27:

> "Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;
> My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse."

35. *Renouncement.* Renunciation of the world as a nun. S. uses the word only here, *renunciation* not at all.

39. *Fewness and truth.* Briefly and truly. Cf. *in few* = in few words, in *Hen. V.* i. 2. 245, etc. See also iii. 1. 229 below, where it is = in short.

40. *Lover.* For the feminine use, cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 4. 46, *A. and C.* iv. 14. 101, and *Cymb.* v. 5. 172. The poet's *Lover's Complaint* is the lament of a deserted maiden. Blakeway remarks that the word was used in this feminine sense long after the time of S., as by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in her *Letters.*

42. *Seedness.* Seeding, sowing; a word not found elsewhere.

43. *Foison.* Plenty, harvest; as in *Temp.* ii. 1. 163: "all foison, all abundance;" *Id.* iv. 1. 110: "Earth's increase, foison plenty," etc.

44. *Tilth.* Tillage; as in *Temp.* ii. 1. 152, and probably also in iv. 1. 75 below, where the folio has "tithe." For the figure, cf. *Sonn.* 3. 5.

51. *Bore many gentlemen*, etc. To *bear in hand* was a common phrase for "keep in expectation, flatter with false hopes." Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 305, *T. of S.* iv. 2. 3, *Ham.* ii. 2. 67, etc.

54. *Givings-out.* The folio has "giving-out;" corrected by Rowe.

56. *With full line.* With the full extent, with the whole length.

59. *The wanton stings*, etc. For *motions* = impulses, cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 333: "our raging motions, our carnal stings."

60. *Rebate.* Make dull; used by S. nowhere else.

62. *To give fear to use.* "To intimidate *use*, that is, practices long countenanced by *custom*" (Johnson). Schmidt makes *use and liberty* = "the practice of liberty, licentious practice." Herford explains it as "license grown customary."

69. *Grace.* Either "power of gaining favour" (Johnson), or "good fortune, happiness" (Schmidt); as in *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 89: "The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace," etc.

70. *My pith of business.* The pith of my business.

72. *Censur'd.* Judged, passed sentence upon; as in ii. 1. 15, 29 below. Cf. *Lear*, v. 3. 3: "That are to censure them," etc.

83. *Would owe them.* Would have them. For *owe* = have, possess, cf. ii. 4. 123 below.

86. *The mother.* The abbess, or prioress.

88. *Soon at night.* This very night. See *2 Hen. IV.* v. 5. 96, *R. and J.* ii. 5. 78, etc.

89. *Success.* The issue, or result; as often.

ACT II

SCENE I. — 2. *Fear.* Affright; as in *T. of S.* i. 2. 211: "Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs," etc.

6. *Fall.* Generally explained as transitive, and perhaps correctly; as in *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 5: —

> "The common executioner,
> Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard
> Falls not the axe," etc.

It may, however, be intransitive here. "Escalus desires that Angelo and he should act as keen instruments and cut a little, rather than fall as heavy weights on an offender and crush him to death" (J. Hunter).

8. *Know.* Reflect, consider.

12. *Blood.* Animal passion; as in ii. 4. 15, 178, and v. 1. 472 below. Cf. also *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 187, ii. 3. 170, iv. 1. 60, etc.

15. *Which.* In which. See on i. 4. 27 above.

18. *I not deny.* The transposition of *not* is common. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 121, v. 1. 38, 113, 303, etc.

22. *What knows the law*, etc. The folio reads "What knowes the Lawes," and some modern eds. give "What know the laws." Malone paraphrases the passage thus: "How can the administrators of the laws take cognizance of what I have just mentioned? How can they know whether the jurymen, who decide on the life or death of thieves, be themselves as criminal as those whom they try?" *Pass on* is of course used in the same sense as in 19 just above.

23. *Pregnant.* Full of probability, evident. Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 325, *Oth.* ii. 1. 239, etc.

28. *For I have had.* Because I have had, on the ground that I have had. The modern use of *for* = because (with a comma before *for*) would be nonsensical here.

29. *Censure.* Judge, sentence. See on i. 4. 72 above.

30. *Let mine own judgment*, etc. Let the sentence I pronounce on him be passed against me.

31. *And nothing come in partial.* And no partiality be urged or allowed.

39. *Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none.* A most perplexing passage. The folio reads: "Some run from brakes of

Ice, and answere none." Rowe gave "through brakes of vice;" and Malone, followed by most of the more recent editors, adopted the *vice*. This seems on the whole the simplest and best emendation, where none is quite satisfactory. *Brakes of vice*, if it be what S. wrote, must mean thickets of vice, with perhaps the double idea of a complication of vices — *many* vices, as opposed to the single *fault* of the next line — and that of thorny entanglements out of which escape would seem difficult. Steevens at first was inclined to read "breaks of ice," and explain the passage "some run away from danger, and stay to answer none of their faults;" but afterwards adopted *brakes of vice*, taking *brakes* to mean "engines of torture," as in Holinshed and other writers of the time. See also Dr. Ingleby's *Shakes. Hermeneutics*, p. 145. In the old printing offices the "copy" was often *read* to the compositor, who might easily mistake "of vice" for "of ice."

43. *Common houses.* Brothels. Cf. the adjective in *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 66, *Rich. II.* v. 3. 17, etc. See also *commoner* in *A. W.* v. 3. 194 and *Oth.* iv. 2. 73.

47. *The poor duke's constable.* Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 5. 22 (Dogberry's speech): "the poor duke's officers."

54. *Precise villains.* He means of course that they are *precisely* or literally villains; but Clarke thinks that the word gives the impression of "strict, severely moral," as in i. 3. 50 above: "Lord Angelo is precise."

55. *Profanation.* A blunder for *profession*. S. does not use the word elsewhere; and *profaneness* only in *W. T.* iii. 2. 155; *profanely* only in *Ham.* iii. 2. 34; *profaner* only in *R. and J.* i. 1. 89; and *profanity* not at all.

57. *This comes off well.* Johnson makes this = "this is nimbly spoken, this is volubly uttered;" but it seems rather to mean (ironically, of course) this is well told. Cf. *T. of A.* i. 1. 29: "this comes off well and excellent" (= this is well done).

60. *Out at elbow.* "A hit at the constable's threadbare coat, and at his being startled and put *out* by Angelo's peremptory

repetition of his name" (Clarke). Cf. *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 76: "Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit," etc.

62. *Parcel-bawd.* Part bawd. Cf. *parcel-gilt* in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 94.

65. *Hot-house.* Bagnio, or bathing-house; used by S. only here in any sense.

68. *Detest.* Mrs. Quickly makes the same blunder in *M. W.* i. 4. 160: "but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread."

91. *Stewed prunes.* A favourite dish in such houses. Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 296, 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 3. 128, and 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 159.

95. *China dishes.* These, though not rare in the poet's day, were so costly that it was superfluous to say that they would not be found in common use in a house like Mistress Overdone's.

108. *If you be remembered.* If you recollect. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 5. 131, *T. of S.* iv. 3. 96, etc.

114. *Wot.* Know; used only in the present tense and the participle *wotting*, for which see *W. T.* iii. 2. 77.

120. *Come me.* The *me* is probably the expletive, or "dativus ethicus," as in i. 2. 166 above and iv. 2. 6 below.

129. *All-hallownd eve.* The eve of Hallowmas.

131. *A lower chair.* That is, an easy-chair. Cf. "chairs of ease" in *T. of A.* v. 4. 11, and "drooping chair" in 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 5.

The Bunch of Grapes. It was the custom in the time of S., and long after, to give names to particular rooms in taverns. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 30: "Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon." The custom prevailed as recently as the time of Goldsmith, who makes his pseudo-barmaid, in *She Stoops to Conquer*, say: "Attend the Lion there; pipes and tobacco for the Angel; the Lamb has been outrageous this half-hour." At the Shakspere Hotel in Stratford, the chambers, instead of being numbered, are named after the poet's plays.

134. *An open room and good for winter.* The confusion of ideas is sufficiently characteristic of the speaker, but some of the critics

have tried to make the passage logical. Talbot makes the preposterous suggestion that *open* is "perhaps from the same root as *oven*, a warm room."

138. *Russia.* Metrically a trisyllable. Proper names in *-ia* are often thus lengthened.

162. *Supposed.* He means *deposed*, of course.

169. *An it like you.* If it please you. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. prol. 32: "The offer likes not," etc.

179. *Justice or Iniquity?* "That is, the constable or the fool. Escalus calls the latter *Iniquity* in allusion to the old *Vice*, a familiar character in the ancient moralities and dumb-shows" (Ritson). Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 499: "that reverend vice, that grey iniquity;" *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 82: "like the formal Vice, Iniquity," etc.

185. *Hannibal.* "Mistaken by the constable for *cannibal*" (Johnson). Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 180 (Pistol's speech): "Compare with Cæsars and with Cannibals" (Hannibals).

198. *Thou art to continue.* Elbow evidently takes the *continue* of Escalus to refer to some penalty or other.

212. *Draw you.* "*Draw* has here a cluster of senses. As it refers to the tapster, it signifies *to drain, to empty;* as it is related to *hang*, it means *to be conveyed to execution on a hurdle.* In Froth's answer, it is the same as *to bring along by some motive or power*" (Johnson). For the play upon *drawing and hanging*, cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 2. 22 and *K. John*, ii. 1. 504.

217. *Drawn in.* That is, taken in, swindled.

221. *Pompey.* As he is called *Thomas* in i. 2. 112, Clarke suggests that *Pompey* was a name given him by waggish customers and adopted by himself; but it is quite as likely that the *Thomas* was the nickname. See on i. 2. 112 above.

224. *The greatest thing about you.* Probably an allusion to the enormous breeches then worn.

238. *Spay.* Castrate. The folios have "splay," which some take to be an old form of the word. It is the only instance of either in S.

250. *Day.* The folios have "bay;" corrected by Pope. Some retain "bay" because it was an architectural term for a division of a building; but, as White asks, "threepence a bay for how long?" *After* = at the rate of.

257. *Shrewd.* Mischievous, evil; the original sense and the most common one in S.

261. *But I shall follow it,* etc. Staunton was the first to mark this as *Aside.*

263. *Jade.* A common term for a worthless nag.

269. *Your readiness.* The folios have "the" for *your* (doubtless from confounding y^r and y^e in the MS.); corrected by Pope.

Though Elbow says *seven year* and Escalus *seven years,* it must not be supposed that the former is a vulgarism. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 53: "Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since," etc.

285. *Eleven, sir.* Harrison, in his *Description of England* (p. 166 of Furnivall's ed.), says: "With vs the nobilitie, gentrie, and students, doo ordinarilie go to dinner at eleuen before noone, and to supper at fiue, or betweene fiue and six at afternoone. The merchants dine and sup seldome before twelue at noone, and six at night especiallie in London. The husbandmen dine also at high noone as they call it, and sup at seuen or eight: but out of the tearme in our vniuersities the scholers dine at ten."

SCENE II. — 4. *He hath but as offended,* etc. "He hath only, as it were, offended in a dream" (Dyce). White reads "offended but as;" but the transposition, if we regard it as such, is not more peculiar than others in Elizabethan English.

15. *Groaning.* Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 2. 102: —

> "Hadst thou groan'd for him
> As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful."

See also the noun *groan* in *A. W.* i. 3. 153, iv. 5. 12, *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 303, etc.

17. *More fitter.* Double comparatives and superlatives are frequent in S., but Pope reads "more fitting."

19. *Desires.* The ellipsis of the relative is common.

25. *Save your honour!* The Cambridge ed. has "God save." Pope filled out the measure by changing *for 't* to "for it."

28. *Please.* If it please. The folio prints "'Please."

32. *For which I must not plead,* etc. Malone paraphrases the passage thus: "for which I must not plead, but that there is a conflict in my breast betwixt my affection for my brother, which induces me to plead for him, and my regard to virtue, which forbids me to intercede for one guilty of such a crime; and I find the former more powerful than the latter."

35. *Let it be his fault,* etc. "Let his fault be condemned, or extirpated, but let not my brother himself suffer" (Malone).

40. *Fine the faults.* Here *fine* evidently has the general sense of punish, as in iii. 1. 114 below: "perdurably fin'd." So the noun here = punishment in general; as in *K. John,* v. 4. 37: —

> "Paying the fine of rated treachery
> Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives."

Stands in record. Is set down in the statute. S. accents the noun *record* on either syllable, as suits the measure. Cf. *Sonn.* 55. 8 with 123. 11, etc.

41. *Severe.* Accented on the first syllable because coming before the noun; as in 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 114: "It shall be with such strict and severe covenants." On the other hand, see *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 155: "With eyes severe and beard of formal cut," etc. See also on i. 3. 3 above.

45. *You are too cold.* "It is noteworthy that Lucio twice reproaches Isabella with coldness; and this is the impression that more than one critic has received and given of her character. But the restraint that sways her throughout this scene is just the powerful one which deceives imperfectly judging lookers-on into believing a woman of reticence to be a woman wanting in warmth. See how her upright soul — clear in virtuous perception, honest in righteous avowal — allows the *justice* of the case against her brother,

though pleading against its severity: 'O just but severe law!' Then, again, consider the natural timidity and reluctance with which a young girl — a modest, pure girl, a girl who has voluntarily commenced her novitiate for the cloistered life of a nun — would enter upon such a subject as she has undertaken to plead for; a subject hard even to speak of, most hard to advocate" (Clarke).

53. *But might you*, etc. The Cambridge ed. puts a period at the end of the sentence. Mr. Marshall remarks: "If the line is to be spoken as printed in the text it must be spoken as a question, or it would not be intelligible to the audience. I cannot see any reason why the author should not have written 'But *you might* do 't,' if he did not mean Isabella to ask a question. The fact that this sentence begins, like that above in line 51, with *But* makes it probable that, like that also, it is intended to be interrogative."

54. *Remorse.* Pity; as very often. Cf. v. 1. 100 below.

58. *Back again.* The 1st folio omits *back*, which the 2d supplies. *Well believe this* = be thoroughly assured of this. The folio has a comma after *Well*, and some prefer that pointing.

59. *Longs.* Belongs; but not a contraction of that word, as often printed.

Mrs. Jameson remarks here: "It is a curious coincidence that Isabella, exhorting Angelo to mercy, avails herself of precisely the same arguments and insists on the self-same topics which Portia addresses to Shylock in her celebrated speech; but how beautifully and how truly is the distinction marked! how like, and yet how unlike! Portia's eulogy on mercy is a piece of heavenly rhetoric; it falls on the ear with a solemn measured harmony; it is the voice of a descended angel addressing an inferior nature: if not premeditated, it is at least part of a preconcerted scheme; while Isabella's pleadings are poured from the abundance of her heart in broken sentences, and with the artless vehemence of one who feels that life and death hang upon her appeal."

76. *Top.* Cf. *Temp.* iii. 1. 38: "the top of admiration," etc.

It has been pointed out that Dante uses the same expression, "Cima di giudicio."

79. *Like man new made.* "In familiar speech, 'You would be quite another man'" (Johnson). Malone explained it thus: "You will then appear as tender-hearted and merciful as the first man was in his days of innocence, immediately after his creation;" and Holt White thought it meant: "And you, Angelo, will breathe new life into Claudio, as the Creator animated Adam, by breathing into his nostrils the breath of life." Mr. Marshall asks: "May not *new made* here have the scriptural sense of 'regenerated'? Shakespeare is in a decidedly theological vein of mind in this speech, and it is natural, having just spoken of the effect of the Redemption, he should have in his mind 'regeneration,' such as our Lord explained to Nicodemus (*John*, iii. 3–8)."

85. *Of season.* When it is in season. Steevens compares *M. W.* iii. 3. 159: "I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear."

90. *The law hath not been dead*, etc. As Holt White remarks, "Dormiunt aliquando leges, moriuntur nunquam" is a maxim in law.

92. *If the first*, etc. The folio reading, retained by the Cambridge editors and others, but sundry changes have been made.

Edict is accented by S. on either syllable, according to the measure.

95. *Looks in a glass.* Probably alluding to the magic mirrors used by conjurers and fortune-tellers. Cf. *Macb.* iv. 1. 119. Mr. Symons ("Henry Irving" ed.) says: "An allusion to the beryl-stone, in which it was supposed that the future might be seen, and the absent brought before the eyes. This picturesque superstition has been often utilized in romances and poems; the latest and greatest instance being Rossetti's ballad, 'Rose Mary.'"

98. *Successive.* Here accented on the first syllable. Cf. *successors* in *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 60.

99. *Ere.* The folio has "here;" corrected by Hanmer.

107. *And he that suffers.* That is, the first that suffers.

109. *Like a giant.* Alluding to the savage conduct of giants in ancient romances (Steevens).

112. *Pelting.* Paltry; as in *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 91: "every pelting river," etc.

116. *Split'st.* The folio has "splits," a euphonic contraction found elsewhere in second persons ending in *-test.* See on iii. 1. 20 below.

119. *Most assur'd.* For the ellipsis of the *of*, cf. i. 4. 27 and ii. 1. 15 above.

120. *Glassy essence.* "That essential nature of man which is like glass from its faculty to reflect the image of others in its own, and from its fragility, its liability to injury or destruction" (Clarke).

122. *With our spleens.* If they had our human spleens, they would laugh away their immortal natures, and become mortal like us. The spleen was thought to be the seat of sudden and uncontrollable fits of mirth, as of melancholy or anger.

126. *We cannot weigh our brother,* etc. "*We* mortals, proud and foolish, cannot prevail on our passions to *weigh* or compare *our brother*, a being of like nature and like frailty, *with ourself.* We have different names and different judgments for the same faults committed by persons of different condition" (Johnson).

132. *Avis'd.* Advised, or aware. Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 169: "Be avised, sir" (that is, listen to reason); and *Id.* i. 4. 106: "Are you avised o' that?" The expression is probably an indirect compliment to Isabella, like the preceding speeches of Lucio aside to her. It was a common phrase of the time, and = you may be sure of that.

136. *That skins the vice,* etc. Steevens compares *Ham.* iii. 4. 147: "It will but skin and film the ulcerous place." S. uses the verb *skin* only in these two passages.

142. *My sense breeds,* etc. "My sense *breeds* with her sense, that is, new thoughts are stirring in my mind, new conceptions are hatched in my imagination" (Johnson). Douce explains it

thus: "Her arguments are enforced with so much good sense as to increase that stock of sense which I already possess."

149. *Fond.* The word often means foolish (cf. v. 1. 105 below), and here is = "foolishly overprized" (Clarke). *Shekels* is printed "sickles" in the folios, as in some of the ancient versions of the Bible.

153. *Preserved.* "That is, preserved from the corruption of the world" (Warburton). The good bishop adds that "the metaphor is taken from fruits preserved in sugar;" but, as Boswell says, "surely our author had 'no such stuff in his thoughts.'" The objection to the interpretation, however, is not in the fact that the figure would be a common and culinary one. S. is fond of using *season* metaphorically, suggested by the use of brine to preserve meat; as in *A. W.* i. 1. 55, *T. N.* i. 1. 30, *R. and J.* ii. 3. 72, etc.

154. *Dedicate.* For the form, cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 2. 37: "He that is truly dedicate to war," etc.

159. *Where prayers cross.* Johnson complained that he could not understand this; but the meaning seems to be that the *prayer* or desire of his heart (to seduce Isabella) *crosses* or conflicts with hers that his *honour* (the word suggests that sense to his mind) may be safe. This is evident from what he says in reply to her repetition of *Save your honour!* just below. Henley explains the passage thus: "The petition, 'Lead us not into temptation,' is here considered as crossing or intercepting the onward way in which Angelo was going; this appointment of his for the morrow's meeting being a premeditated exposure of himself to temptation, which it was the general object of prayer to thwart."

164. *It is I,* etc. "I am not corrupted by her, but my own heart, which excites foul desires under the same benign influences that exalt her purity, as the carrion grows putrid by those beams which increase the fragrance of the violet" (Johnson). *With virtuous season* = with the sweet influences of summer and sunshine.

171. *Evils.* Privies; as in *Hen. VIII.* ii. 1. 67: "Nor build their evils on the graves of great men." Henley compares 2 *Kings*,

x. 27, and adds: "The desecration of edifices devoted to religion, by converting them to the most abject purposes of nature, was an Eastern method of expressing contempt."

185. *Ever.* The later folios have "Even." Pope fills out the measure by reading "Even till this very now," which S. could never have written.

186. *Fond.* Foolishly doting. When the word in S. expresses fondness in the modern sense, it generally carries the idea of folly (see on 149 above) with it. Cf. i. 3. 23 above.

SCENE III. — 4. *Spirits . . . in the prison.* There is an allusion to 1 *Peter*, iii. 19.

10. *Of mine.* He calls her so because she had been placed in his care. Cf. ii. 2. 23 fol. above.

11. *Flames.* The folios have "flawes" or "flaws;" but it is probably a misprint for *flames*, which Davenant substituted. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 83: —

> "To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
> And melt in her own fire."

26. *Offenceful.* The 1st folio misprints "offence full." S. has the word only here; and *offenceless* only in *Oth.* ii. 3. 295.

30. *Lest.* The reading of the 4th folio; the earlier folios have "least," which some retain.

31. *As that.* For the reason that, because that. Tyrwhitt puts it thus: "lest you repent (not so much of your fault, as it is an evil) as that, etc."

33. *Spare heaven.* "That is, spare to *offend* heaven" (Malone). Pope reads "seek heaven," and other changes have been proposed.

36. *There rest.* "Keep yourself in this temper" (Johnson).

39. *Grace go with you!* Dyce gives these words to Juliet (Ritson's conjecture).

40. *Law.* The folios have "loue;" corrected by Hanmer. "Neither her love nor its consequences had any effect upon her life; but the law in question, declaring, as we learn in the old

tale on which the play is founded, that the man who broke it 'should lose his head, and the woman offender should ever after be infamously noted,' thus *did* respite her 'a life whose very comfort' was 'a dying horror'" (White). Some editors retain "love," and Tollet explains the passage thus with that reading: "O love, that is injurious in expediting Claudio's death, and that respites me a life which is a burden to me worse than death!"

SCENE IV. — 1. On the passage, cf. *Ham.* iii. 3. 38 fol.

2. *Several.* Separate, different; as in *Temp.* iii. 1. 42, *M. W.* iii. 5. 110, etc.

3. *Invention.* Imagination, or "mental activity in general" (Schmidt). Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 196, v. 1. 232, 282, etc.

4. *Anchors on Isabel.* For the figure, cf. *Cymb.* v. 5. 393: "Posthumus anchors upon Imogen."

9. *Sear'd.* Collier says that Lord Ellesmere's copy of the 1st folio has *sear'd*, not "fear'd," which is the reading of other copies. The misprint seems to have been corrected while the book was being printed, and there are other instances of the kind.

11. *With boot.* Giving something to boot; as in *Lear*, v. 3. 301, etc.

12. *For vain.* Idly, to no purpose.

13. *Case.* Covering, outward garb. Cf. *L. C.* 116: "Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case."

16. *Good angel.* It has been suggested that Angelo here plays upon his own name. The meaning, of course, is: Though we may write good angel on the devil's horn, it is not his proper crest. As the *crest* might properly include the *horn*, Johnson would read: "'T is yet the devil's crest."

27. *The general.* The multitude, the populace. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 457: "caviare to the general." See also *J. C.* ii. 1. 12. Some of the editors have been in doubt whether *general* or *subject* is the noun here. On the passage, see p. 10 above.

28. *Fondness.* See on ii. 2. 186 above.

43. *That hath from nature stolen*, etc. That is, that hath deprived of life, or murdered.

45. *Saucy sweetness.* Impudent self-indulgence. Cf. *sweet uncleanness* just below.

47. *Falsely to take away*, etc. "*Falsely* is the same with *dishonestly, illegally;* so *false* in the next line but one is *illegal, illegitimate*" (Johnson).

48. *Restrained means.* Forbidden instruments.

56. *Give my body.* That is, to death.

57. *Compell'd.* Accented on the first syllable because preceding the noun. See on i. 3. 3 above. Malone paraphrases the passage thus: "Actions to which we are compelled, however *numerous*, are not *imputed* to us by heaven as crimes. If you cannot save your brother but by the loss of your chastity, it is not a voluntary but compelled sin, for which you cannot be *accountable;*" or, more simply, these *compelled sins* may be *counted* as sins, but are not to be *accounted for* as such.

58. *How say you?* What do you say? Cf. v. 1. 273 below: "Say you?"

73. *Nothing of your answer.* Nothing that you must answer for.

75. *Craftily.* The folios have "crafty;" corrected by Rowe (after Davenant).

76. *Me.* Omitted in the 1st folio, but supplied in the 2d.

79. *Tax.* Accuse, reproach. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 71, 86, etc.

These black masks. That is, the masks now generally worn. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 1. 236:—

> "These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
> Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair."

These is perhaps used as referring to the ladies in the audience.

80. *Enshield.* Enshielded, enclosed. The *-ed* is often omitted after *d* and *t*.

82. *Received.* Taken, understood. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 1. 131: "one of your receiving" (that is, understanding).

86. *Pain.* Penalty, punishment; as in the phrase "on pain of death," etc.

89. *As I subscribe not that,* etc. Though I admit not that nor any other except for the sake of argument. The *as* is what Dr. Ingleby (*S. the Man and the Book,* Part I. p. 145) aptly calls "*the conjunction of reminder,* being employed by S. and his contemporaries to introduce a subsidiary statement, qualifying, or even contradicting, what goes before, which the person addressed is required to take for granted." Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 2. 52, etc.

Schmidt makes *in the loss of question* = "as no better arguments present themselves to my mind, to make the point clear." Herford explains it as = "in the embarrassment of discussion; simply as a means of making my point clear." White points the passage thus: —

> "Admit no other way to save his life
> (As I subscribe not that nor any other)
> But — in the loss of question — that you," etc.

He thinks that "the *but* must not be shut out of the direct construction." Of course it is grammatically required in that construction; but the irregularity with my pointing is not unlike what we often find in S. when the construction is broken by a parenthesis.

94. *All-holding.* The folios have "all-building," which Schmidt explains as "being the ground and foundation of all;" but, as Herford remarks, "the context concerns the restrictive, not the creative, function of law." Johnson reads "all-binding," which is equally plausible.

95. *Mean.* S. often uses the singular, though oftener the plural, in this sense.

103. *That longing I 've been,* etc. The folio reads "That longing haue bin sicke for," etc. The emendation in the text is Rowe's. Delius considers the folio reading an instance of the ellipsis of the nominative, which is barely possible.

111. *Ignomy.* "Ignominy" (the reading of the later folios). *Ignomy* is found in the folio in 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 100 and *T. and C.*

v. 10. 33. In the present passage *ignominy* perhaps suits the measure better, though the line would be a lame one even then.

Malone remarks that Davenant's alteration of the passage may prove a reasonably good comment on it : —

> "Ignoble ransom no proportion bears
> To pardon freely given."

122. *If not a fedary*, etc. "If he has not one associate in his crime, if no other person own and follow the same criminal courses which you are now pursuing" (Malone). For *fedary* = accomplice, see *Cymb.* iii. 2. 21 ; the only other instance of the word in S. The word ("feodary" in the later folios) signifies originally a feudal vassal, and Clarke thinks that it here combines that sense with the other, meaning "one who holds by common tenure, and one of the human fraternity." He paraphrases the passage thus : "Unless we are all frail, let my brother die ; if he do not, as one of his human brethren, holding by their common tenure (but simply as he himself alone), possess and succeed to the inheritance of that weakness which you allow is yours as well as all men's." On the whole, this is to be preferred to Malone's exegesis. It has been put more concisely thus: "Otherwise, let my brother die, if instead of being a mere vassal like other men he alone has frailty for his inheritance." Some change *thy* to "this." Herford, who adopts this reading, says: "Isabel cannot possibly use to Angelo the familiar *thou*."

125. *As the glasses*, etc. The simile was proverbial. Cf. Hazlitt, *English Proverbs :* "Glasses and lasses are brittle ware."

127. *Men their creation mar*, etc. Men spoil women by taking advantage of their weakness. Steevens accepts an explanation given in the *Edin. Rev.* Nov. 1786: "men debase their nature by taking advantage of such weak pitiful creatures." Clarke combines the two interpretations: "men impair their own natures and injure women by taking advantage of them." Schmidt says: "men spoil women by that which these learn from them." He gives as parallel

uses of *profit by* (= be instructed by, learn from) *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 84 and *T. and C.* v. 1. 16; but in both the expression may as well have its ordinary meaning.

130. *Credulous to false prints.* That is, take any impression. Malone compares *T. N.* ii. 2. 31 : —

> "How easy is it for the proper false
> In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!"

139. *I have no tongue but one*, etc. "Isabella answers to his circumlocutory courtship that she has but *one tongue*, she does not understand this new phrase, and desires him to talk his *former language*, that is, to talk as he talked before" (Johnson). Clarke remarks: "The poet's conduct of this difficult scene is a marvel of skill, and proves his insight into womanly nature to be little short of miraculous."

145. *I know your virtue*, etc. "I know your virtue assumes an air of licentiousness which is not natural to you, on purpose to try me" (*Edin. Rev.* Nov. 1786); or "in order to draw me on to confess the like."

150. *Seeming, seeming!* "Hypocrisy, hypocrisy; counterfeit virtue" (Johnson). Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 57 and *Oth.* iii. 3. 209.

156. *My vouch against you.* My assertion to the contrary, my denial of your charge.

159. *Smell of calumny.* Steevens sees here "a metaphor from a lamp or candle extinguished in its own grease!"

160. *Race.* Natural disposition; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 358 : —

> "thy vile race,
> Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good natures
> Could not abide to be with."

Heath misinterprets the passage thus: "And now I give my senses the rein in the race they are now actually running."

162. *Prolixious blushes.* "What Milton [*P. L.* iv. 311] has called 'sweet, reluctant, amorous delay'" (Steevens). S. has *prolixious* only here.

165. *Die the death.* Elsewhere used of a judicial sentence. See *M. N. D.* i. 1. 65, *C. of E.* i. 147, etc.; and cf. *Matthew*, xv. 4.

168. *Affection.* Impulse, feeling. Cf. iii. 1. 37 below.

178. *Prompture.* Prompting, incitement; used by S. only here. For *blood*, cf. ii. 1. 12 above.

179. *Mind of honour.* Honourable mind. Cf. "mind of love" = loving mind, in *M. of V.* ii. 8. 42.

ACT III

SCENE I. — 5. *Be absolute for death.* Make up your mind fully for death.

10. *That dost*, etc. The reading of the folios, changed by Hanmer to "That do." Even if *that* refers to *influences*, the irregularity would be not unlike many others in S.; but possibly Porson was right in making *breath* the antecedent. White says that to "make the breath hourly afflict its habitation" is "an absurd result." An asthmatic might not admit this, but all that the duke means is that life itself may become a burden from being at the mercy of the *skyey influences*. Indeed, is not this the meaning with either construction? In the one case the breath is an affliction because servile to the skyey influences; in the other, it is servile to these influences that afflict it.

White suggests that we should read *influence* both here and in *W. T.* i. 2. 426, as the rhythm seems to require; "for *influence* was then a word without a plural, and was used, especially when applied to the heavenly bodies (to which service it was then almost set apart) in its radical sense of in-flowing, and then in the singular form, even when all those bodies are spoken of." Cf. Milton, *P. L.* viii. 512, x. 663, *Comus*, 330, 335, etc. Bacon, however, has the plural in *Essay* 9: "the evill Influences of the Starrs." See also *Job*, xxxviii. 31.

Keep'st. Dwellest; as in i. 3. 10 above.

11. *Death's fool.* In the ancient "dumb-shows" Death and the Fool were common characters. The latter is made to employ all his tricks in trying to escape from the former, but finally runs into his clutches. According to a manuscript note by John Stow in Leland's *Itinerary*, there was a Dance of Death in Holy Trinity Church at Stratford. Cf. the allusion in *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 162, and see cut on p. 143 above.

15. *Are nurs'd by baseness.* "Whatever grandeur can display or luxury enjoy is procured by baseness, by offices of which the mind shrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the shambles and the dunghill, all magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry, and all the pomp of ornament dug from among the damps and darkness of the mine" (Johnson). Cf. *A. and C.* i. 1. 35 and v. 2. 7.

17. *Worm.* Serpent; as in *A. and C.* v. 2. 243, 256, etc. For the old notion that the serpent wounds with its forked tongue, cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 72: —

> "An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
> Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung."

Knight thinks that the worm of the grave is meant in the present passage.

18. *Provok'st.* Dost invoke, or seek. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 4. 13: "that to provoke in him" (referring to sleep).

19. *Death, which is no more.* Johnson remarks: "I cannot without indignation find S. saying that *death is only sleep*, lengthening out his exhortation by a sentence which in the friar is impious, in the reasoner is foolish, and in the poet trite and vulgar." But, as Malone replies, the poet means only "that the passage from this life to another is easy as sleep; a position in which there is surely neither folly nor impiety."

20. *Exist'st.* The folio has "exists." See on ii. 2. 116 above.

23. *Certain.* Stable; as the context shows.

24. *Effects.* Expressions. Johnson wanted to read "affects"

(= "affections, passions of mind"). It is not necessary, however, to refer *complexion* to the mind, as he and some other critics do; it may mean the face as expressive of the shifting emotions within. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 381: "Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror," etc.

29. *Sire.* The reading of the 4th folio; the earlier folios have "fire."

31. *Serpigo.* A cutaneous eruption; mentioned again in *T. and C.* ii. 3. 81. Here the 1st folio has "sapego," the other folios "sarpego."

34. *Dreaming on both.* "This is exquisitely imagined. When we are young, we busy ourselves in forming schemes for succeeding time, and miss the gratifications that are before us; when we are old, we amuse the languor of age with the recollection of youthful pleasures or performances: so that our life, of which no part is filled with the business of the present time, resembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the designs of the evening" (Johnson).

35. *Becomes as aged,* etc. This has been suspected, not without reason, and sundry attempts at emendation have been made: "becomes an indigent," "becomes assuaged," "becomes engaged," "becomes enaged," "becomes abased" (the Cambridge editors), etc. Clarke explains the old text thus: "becomes as if it were aged, carkingly coveting those things that belong to old people—such as riches, experience, etc." Mr. Symons says: "The Duke, with a pessimism worthy of Leopardi, is going over the catalogue of miseries, cunningly extracting poison from the fairest flowers of life, and finally he declares that neither in youth nor age is there anything enjoyable, at least according to man's way of dealing with the seasons; for even in youth he is devoured with the ennui and care proper to age, and is as feeble and nerveless as a palsied beggar-man, with strength neither of body nor of will."

36. *Eld.* Cf. *M. W.* iv. 4. 36: "The superstitious, idle-headed eld." In *T. and C.* ii. 2. 104, the modern reading is

"Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld;" but the folios have "old" and the quarto "elders."

40. *Moe thousand deaths.* A thousand more deaths. *Moe* is used only with plural or collective nouns. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 3. 97: "moe thousands," etc.

46. *Sir.* Mason thinks this "too courtly" for the friar, who elsewhere addresses Claudio and Isabella as *son* and *daughter*, and conjectures that we should read "son."

52. *Bring me*, etc. The first folio reads "Bring them to hear me speak," and the later folios "Bring them to speak." The obvious emendation was suggested by Steevens.

58. *Lieger.* A resident ambassador. Cf. *Cymb.* i. 5. 80, the only other instance of the word in S. The editors generally follow the folio in spelling the word "leiger." Steevens quotes Leicester's *Commonwealth*: "a special man of that hasty king, who was his ledger, or agent, in London."

59. *Appointment.* Equipment, preparation. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 6. 16, etc.

67. *Ay, just.* Cf. v. 1. 200 below. See also *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 29, v. 1. 164, etc.

68. *Vastidity.* Vastness, immensity; used by S. only here, and perhaps his coinage. On the passage Mr. Symons remarks: "This magnificent conception of a life fettered and confined within the limits of its remorse may be compared with the feebler, more rhetorical, but still fine image of Byron in *The Giaour*:—

> "The mind that broods o'er guilty woes
> Is like the scorpion girt by fire,
> In circle narrowing as it glows," etc.

69. *To a determin'd scope.* "A confinement of your mind to one painful idea—to ignominy of which the remembrance can neither be suppressed nor escaped" (Johnson).

71. *Bark.* Peel, strip; as in *A. and C.* iv. 12. 23: "This pine is bark'd." In *Ham.* i. 5. 71, it is = grow like the bark of a tree.

74. *Entertain.* Desire to maintain. *Fear* = fear for; as often.

78. *And the poor beetle*, etc. "That is, fear is the principal sensation in death, which has no pain; and the giant, when he dies, feels no greater pain than the beetle" (Douce).

79. *Sufferance.* Suffering; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 28, *Cor.* i. 1. 22, *Lear*, iii. 6. 113, etc.

81. *Think you I can*, etc. The meaning is not clear, though the editors generally pass the question without comment. I am inclined to think that Schmidt is right in making *from flowery tenderness* = "from a tender woman, 'whose action is no stronger than a flower' (*Sonn.* 65. 4)." Clarke understands that "Claudio asks his sister whether she thinks he can derive courage from a figurative illustration — that of the 'poor beetle.'" Hudson is doubtful about the meaning, but thinks it may be "Do you think me so effeminate in soul as to be capable of an unmanly resolution? or, such a milksop as to quail and collapse at the prospect of death?" Heath would make the sentence imperative, and = "Do me the justice to think that I am able to draw a resolution even from this tenderness of youth, which is commonly found to be less easily reconciled to so sudden and harsh a fate;" but I cannot imagine Claudio applying the expression *flowery tenderness* to himself. It seems to be used with a touch of contempt for the weak girl who thinks that he needs to be nerved up to *resolution* in the face of death, and that *she* can inspire him with it. Mr. Symons adopts my explanation: "The phrase *flowery tenderness* appears to be used by Claudio in mockery or resentment of his sister's stoic counsels, coming, as they do, from her, a mere woman, a creature tender as a flower, to him, a man, supposing himself valiant."

87. *Conserve.* Preserve. The only other instance of the word in S. is in *Oth.* iii. 4. 75: "Conserv'd of maidens' hearts;" where, by the way, Schmidt would read "with the skilful Conserves," etc. *In base appliances* = by base means.

90. *Follies doth emmew.* "Forces follies to lie in cover, with-

out daring to show themselves" (Johnson). Steevens compares 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 45 : —

> "Neither the king nor he that loves him best,
> The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
> Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells."

Cf. *R. of L.* 511 : "With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells." *Emmew* is = *mew* (see *M. N. D.* i. 1. 71) or *mew up* (*Rich. III.* i. 1. 38, i. 3. 139). A writer in the *Edin. Rev.* Oct. 1872, proposes "enew" (a term in aquatic falconry, meaning to drive the fowl back to the water as a refuge from the hawk); but Madden (*Diary of William Silence*, 1897) says that *enmew*, or *inmew*, means to lie close or keep concealed, like a hawk when mewing, and cites this passage as one of his illustrations. *Mew* originally meant to moult, or shed the feathers; and as a noun, "the place, whether it be abroad or in the house, in which the hawk is put during the time she casts, or doth change her feathers" (R. Holmes's *Academy of Armory*, etc.). Spenser has both verb and noun; as in *F. Q.* i. 5. 20 : —

> "forth comming from her darksome mew,
> Where she all day did hide her hated hew;"

Id. ii. 3. 34 : —

> "Unto the bush her eye did suddein glaunce,
> In which vain Braggadocchio was mewd."

Milton uses the verb in the magnificent description of Liberty in *Of Unlicensed Printing*: "Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam." In England the noun is still used in the plural (*mews*) to denote a stable for horses; the royal stables in London having been called *mews* from the original use of the building for keeping the king's falcons.

93. *Priestly.* The 1st folio has "prenzie," both here and in 96 below; and attempts have been made to explain that word: by

comparison with the Scottish *primsie* (= demure, precise), by connecting it with the old Fr. *prin* (= demure), etc. It has not, however, been proved to be English, and is pretty clearly a misprint for *priestly* (Hanmer's emendation) or some other word. The 2d folio has "princely." "Saintly," "pensive," "primsie," etc., have also been proposed.

96. *Guards!* Literally = facings, or trimmings, and hence applied to outward appearances. Cf. the use of the verb in *M. of V.* ii. 2. 164 : —

"Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows'," etc.

99. *He would give 't thee*, etc. He would allow thee, in consequence of this offence of mine, to go on offending in this way forever. For *still* = ever, cf. iv. 2. 136, v. 1. 410, 471 below.

107. *Has he affections*, etc. "Is he actuated by passions that impel him to transgress the law, at the very moment that he is *enforcing* it against others?" (Malone). *To bite the law by the nose* is rather to treat it with contempt.

110. *The deadly seven.* These were pride, envy, wrath, sloth, covetousness, gluttony, and lechery (Douce).

113. *Trick.* Caprice. Cf. ii. 2. 121 and iii. 2. 96.

114. *Perdurably fin'd?* Everlastingly punished. We find *perdurable* in *Hen. V.* iv. 5. 7 and *Oth.* i. 3. 343. For *fin'd*, cf. the use of the noun in ii. 2. 40 above.

120. *Delighted.* Accustomed to delight; as Warburton and Johnson explained it. "Dilated," "delinquent," "benighted," "delated," etc., have been proposed.

122. *Thrilling.* Thrillingly or shiveringly cold. Cf. *R. and J.* iv. 3. 15 : "I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins."

Region. Changed by Rowe (followed by many editors) to "regions;" but, as Dr. Ingleby contends, *region* is here "used as an abstract, and in the radical sense," and = "restricted place, or confinement." He adds that Carlyle appears so to have understood it; for in his *Heroes and Hero-Worship* he paraphrases it as

"imprisonment of thick-ribbed ice." So just below *thought* (for which Theobald reads "thoughts") is abstract and the object to *imagine*. *Incertain* = unsettled. Dr. Ingleby paraphrases the latter part of the passage thus: "or to be in an infinitely worse case than those who body forth — or render objective — their own lawless and distracted mind."

Mr. Marshall remarks on the passage: "Perhaps one of the descriptions that Shakespeare had in his mind was that contained in *The Revelation of the Monk of Evesham*, published in 1482. (See Arber's reprint of this curious work from the unique copy in the British Museum, and compare, especially, chapters 15, 17, 24, in which the Three Places of Pains and Torments of Purgatory are described.) As to the word *howling*, it is worth while, perhaps, to quote the well-known lines in *Hamlet*, addressed to the Priest by Laertes over his sister's grave, v. 1. 263–265: —

> 'I tell thee, churlish priest,
> A ministering angel shall my sister be
> When thou liest howling.'

With the whole of the passage quoted above we may compare the following lines from Milton, *P. L.* ii. 596 fol.: —

> 'Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd,
> At certain revolutions, all the damn'd
> Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
> Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
> From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
> Their soft etherial warmth, and there to pine
> Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,
> Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.'"

124. *And blown*, etc. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 279: "Blow me about in winds! Roast me in sulphur!"

133. *What sin you do*, etc. The following note is from Verplanck: "'One of the most dramatic passages in the present play (says Hazlitt, in his *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*), is the interview between Claudio and his sister, when she comes to

inform him of the conditions on which Angelo will spare his life. What adds to the dramatic beauty of the scene, and the effect of Claudio's passionate attachment to life, is that it immediately follows the duke's lecture to him, in the character of the friar, recommending an absolute indifference to it.' The attempt of Claudio to prove to his sister that the loss of her chastity, upon such an occasion, will be a virtue, is finely characteristic of the profound knowledge Shakespeare possessed of the intricate complexities of the human heart. 'Shakespeare was, in one sense, the least moral of all writers (says Hazlitt); for morality (commonly so called) is made up of antipathies; and his talent consisted in sympathy with human nature, in all its shapes, degrees, depressions, and elevations. The object of the pedantic moralist is to find out the bad in every thing; his was to show that "there is some soul of goodness in things evil."' With reference to the representation of such scenes on the stage, Schlegel observes: 'It is certainly to be wished that decency should be observed on all public occasions, and consequently also on the stage; but even in this it is possible to go too far. That censorious spirit, which scents out impurity in every sally of a bold and vivacious description, is at best but an ambiguous criterion of purity of morals; and there is frequently concealed under this hypocrisy the consciousness of an impure imagination. The determination to tolerate nothing which has the least reference to the sensual relation between the two sexes may be carried to a pitch extremely oppressive to a dramatic poet, and injurious to the boldness and freedom of his composition. If considerations of such a nature were to be attended to, many of the happiest parts of the plays of Shakespeare — for example, in *Measure for Measure* and *All's Well that Ends Well* — which are handled with a due regard to decency, must be set aside for their impropriety.'"

134. *Dispenses with.* Excuses, pardons. Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 1. 103: "can with such wrongs dispense," etc. See also *R. of L.* 1070, 1279, 1704, and *Sonn.* 112. 12.

140. *Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!* "God grant that thou wert not my father's true son!" (Schmidt). Cf. *R. and J.* iv. 1. 41: "God shield I should disturb devotion!" See also *A. W.* i. 3. 174.

141. *Wilderness.* Wildness. *Slip of wilderness* = wild slip. Steevens quotes *Old Fortunatus*, 1600: "But I in wilderness totter'd out my youth," etc.

142. *Defiance!* Indignant refusal. Cf. *defy* = refuse, spurn; as in *K. John*, iii. 4. 23: "No, I defy all counsel, all redress," etc.

148. *A trade.* "A custom, a practice, an established habit" (Johnson).

162. *Assay.* Trial, test.

168. *Do not satisfy*, etc. "Do not feel your resolution — or sustain your courage — with hopes that are groundless" (Clarke). Schmidt paraphrases it thus: "Do not set yourself at ease, do not gratify yourself, who were just now resolved to die, with false hopes."

173. *Hold you there.* "There rest" (ii. 3. 36 above), remain in that frame of mind.

180. *In good time.* "*À la bonne heure*, so be it, very well" (Steevens).

182. *The goodness that is cheap*, etc. "The goodness which, when associated with beauty, is held cheap, does not remain long so associated; but grace, being the very life of your features, must continue to preserve their beauty" (Verplanck).

188. *How will you*, etc. The *Variorum* of 1821 has "would" for *will*; not noted in the Cambridge ed.

190. *Resolve.* Inform, answer. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 2. 26, 120, etc.

194. *Discover.* Uncover, expose; as in *Lear*, ii. 1. 68: "I threaten'd to discover him," etc.

198. *He made trial of you only.* That is, he will *say* so.

201. *Uprighteously.* "Uprightly" (Pope's reading), righteously; used by S. only here.

212. *Miscarried.* Was lost. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 8. 29: "there miscarried a vessel of our country;" *Id.* iii. 2. 318: "my ships have all miscarried," etc.

215. *She should this Angelo,* etc. Pope "corrected" *she* to "her," but S. often confuses the inflections of pronouns. See on i. 1. 31 above.

216. *Nuptial.* The plural is not found in the 1st folio. It occurs in the later folios in *Temp.* v. 1. 308, *M. N. D.* i. 1. 125, v. 1. 75; and in the quartos in *Oth.* ii. 2. 8.

217. *Limit.* Appointed time, or date.

218. *Wracked.* The only form in the early eds. The noun is always *wrack.*

224. *Combinate.* Contracted, betrothed; the only instance of the word in S.

229. *In few.* In short. See on i. 4. 39 above.

230. *Bestowed her on her own lamentation.* "Left her to her sorrows" (Malone).

247. *Refer yourself to.* "Have recourse to, betake yourself to" (Steevens).

253. *Stead up your appointment.* That is, keep it in your *stead.* We have already had the verb in i. 4. 17 above.

257. *Foiled.* The early eds. have "scaled," which has been explained as = "weighed," and by others as = "stripped" or "unmasked." I have little hesitation in accepting White's emendation of *foiled.* S., however, has *scale* = weigh in *Cor.* ii. 3. 257.

258. *Frame.* Prepare, fashion; as in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 360, *Much Ado,* i. 3. 26, etc.

269. *Grange.* A solitary farm-house. Cf. *Oth.* i. 1. 106:—

> "What tell'st thou me of robbing? This is Venice;
> My house is not a grange."

SCENE II.—4. *Bastard.* A kind of sweet wine. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 30: "a pint of bastard," etc.

9. *Fox and lamb skins.* Capell reads simply "fox-skins," and

Mason conjectures "fox on lamb-skins." Clarke remarks: "The passage seems to us to imply, furred (that is, lined with lamb-skin fur inside, and trimmed with fox-skin fur outside) with both kinds of fur, to show that craft (fox-skin), being richer than innocency (lamb-skin), is used for the decoration."

14. *Brother father.* As *friar* = *frère*, or brother, the duke returns Elbow's blundering address with one in the same vein. Tyrwhitt remarks that the joke would be clearer in French: "Dieu vous benisse, mon père frère. — Et vous aussi, mon frère père."

26. *Eat, array.* The folios have "eat away;" corrected by Theobald.

40. *Free from our faults,* etc. The 1st folio reads: "From our faults, as faults from seeming free." The 2d folio has "Free from our faults," etc., and Hanmer corrects the latter part of the line as in the text. This restores both rhythm and sense to the line. Some retain the old reading, making it = "Would that we were as free from faults as our faults are from seeming" (hypocrisy); but that seems forced.

41. *Will come to your waist, — a cord, sir.* That is, will come to have a cord round it, as your waist has; alluding to the hempen cord which the Franciscan friars wore as a girdle.

46. *Is there none of Pygmalion's images,* etc. Have you no women for your customers as fresh and untouched as Pygmalion's statue was when it became a living woman?

51. *Trot.* A contemptuous epithet, applied in *T. of S.* i. 2. 80 to an old woman. As White remarks, there could be no more appropriate name for a bawd's assistant.

58. *In the tub.* Alluding to the "powdering-tub" or "sweating-tub," which was a part of the current treatment for the French disease. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 79: "the powdering-tub of infamy," etc.

60. *Unshunned.* "Unshunnable" (*Oth.* iii. 3. 275), inevitable; used by S. nowhere else.

71. *Husband.* Alluding to the received etymology of the word —*houseband.*

75. *Not the wear.* Not the fashion. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 34: "Motley's the only wear," etc.

82. *Come your ways.* Used some dozen times by S. *Come your way* occurs only in 12 above. So *go your ways* is more common than *go your way.*

84. *Then, Pompey, nor now.* That is, neither then nor now; playing on Pompey's *then.*

107. *Extirp.* Used again in 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 24. *Extirpate* occurs only in *Temp.* i. 2. 125.

124. *Detected.* Capell reads "Detracted." Verplanck remarks: "The use of this word, in the various extracts from old authors collected by the commentators, shows that its old meaning was (not *suspected,* as some of them say, but) *charged, arraigned, accused.* Thus, in Greenway's *Tacitus* (1622), the Roman senators who informed against their kindred are said 'to have *detected* the dearest of their kindred.'"

129. *Use.* Habit; as in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 268, *Ham.* iii. 4. 168, etc.

Clack-dish. A wooden dish used by beggars to collect alms in; so called because they *clacked* the hinged cover to attract attention. Steevens quotes *The Family of Love,* 1608: "Can you think I get my living by a bell and a clack-dish?" and a stage-direction in 2 *Edw. IV.,* 1619: "Enter Mrs. Blague, very poorly, begging with her basket and a clap-dish."

133. *An inward.* An intimate friend. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 4. 8: "Who is most inward with the royal duke?"

Shy. Demure. Hanmer reads "sly," which may be right; but cf. v. 1. 54, the only other instance of the word in S.

139. *File.* Number, multitude; as in *Cor.* i. 6. 43: "the common file," etc. For *subject,* cf. v. 1. 14 below. See also *Ham.* i. 1. 72, i. 2. 33, etc.

142. *Unweighing.* Inconsiderate, thoughtless. Cf. *unweighed* in *M. W.* ii. 1. 23; like this, the one instance of the word in S.

146. *Helmed.* Conducted, managed; used by S. only here.

150. *Unskilfully.* Without knowledge or judgment; used by S. only here. The same is true of *testimonied* just below.

168. *Unhurtful.* Another word used by the poet only once. For *opposite* = opponent, cf. *T. N.* iii. 2. 68: "his opposite, the youth;" and see *Id.* iii. 4. 253, 293, etc.

175. *Tun-dish.* Tunnel, or funnel; used by S. only here.

177. *Ungenitured.* Schmidt makes the word = impotent; but perhaps it is explained by 109 above.

183. *Untrussing.* Explained by Schmidt as "unpacking;" but more correctly, I think, by Dyce, as "untying the points or tagged laces which attached the hose or breeches to the doublet." S. uses the word only here.

184. *Would eat mutton on Fridays.* The play on *mutton* (the expression *laced mutton* being slang for a courtesan) is a common one in the plays of the period. It occurs in *Promos and Cassandra*, Part I. i. 3:—

> "I heard of one Phallax,
> A man esteemde, of Promos verie much:
> Of whose Nature, I was so bolde to axe,
> And I smealt, he loved *lase mutton* well."

190. *Scape.* Not a contraction of *escape*, being used in prose by S., as by Bacon and others.

199. *Forfeit.* Explained by Steevens as a verb (= transgress, offend), but probably an adjective (= liable to penalty), as Schmidt makes it. Cf. ii. 2. 73 above.

207. *Come Philip and Jacob.* That is, the feast of St. Philip and St. James (Latin, *Jacobus*), or May 1st.

224. *From the See.* That is, from Rome. The folios have "Sea;" corrected by Theobald.

228. *The dissolution of it.* The death of goodness. The meaning is: "Virtue has become so extreme that it must have a speedy *end.* The reference is to the overstrained sanctity and zeal of Angelo" (Verplanck).

232. *Security enough*, etc. Alluding to the trouble that a man often gets into by becoming *security* for a friend. Holt White quotes *Proverbs*, xi. 15.

252. *Is he resolved to die.* He has made up his mind for death.

254. *Your function.* Your priestly duty. Cf. *T. N.* iv. 2. 8, v. 1. 164, etc.

259. *Indeed justice.* That is, the very embodiment of justice pure and simple, with no mingling of mercy. Steevens sees a reference to the maxim, "Summum jus, summa injuria."

260. *Straitness.* Strictness; the only instance of the word in S.

266. *He who the sword*, etc. I unhesitatingly agree with White that these poor rhymes are not Shakespeare's, but the "tag" of some one connected with the theatre. "They are entirely superfluous, having no dramatic purpose, and uttering no moral truth that has not had infinitely better utterance before. Their rhythmical expression is entirely inconsistent with their sentiment and with the diction of the serious parts of this play; it was not in Shakespeare to stop the Duke and set him off in this octosyllable canter upon the same road over which he had paced before with such severe and stately dignity. The lines are a mere succession of couplets, each containing a perfect if not an isolated thought, which is not Shakespeare's manner under any circumstances, and, above all, in such a soliloquy as the Duke's; 'non color, non vultus.' If we will, we must believe that this soliloquy was written by Shakespeare after those in *Hamlet*. Let who will believe it!"

268, 269. *Pattern . . . go.* The meaning seems to be: to be in himself a pattern; to have grace to stand firm, and virtue to go forward. Clarke paraphrases the couplet thus: "Should be in himself a pattern whereby to know how grace ought to bear itself, and how virtue ought to proceed."

275. *My vice.* It has been disputed whether *my* = "of my dukedom" or is used indefinitely. I have no doubt that the latter is the meaning: to weed the vice of another, and let his own grow.

278. *Wade.* The folios have "made," which, as Malone sug-

gested, is probably a misprint for *wade*. Other changes have been suggested, and attempts have been made to explain the old reading.

ACT IV

SCENE I. — 1. *Take, O, take those lips away*, etc. In *The Bloody Brother*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, this stanza appears with the addition of the following: —

> "Hide, O hide those hills of snow
> Which thy frozen bosom bears,
> On whose tops the pinks that grow
> Are of those that April wears;
> But first set my poor heart free,
> Bound in those icy chains by thee."

Both were printed in the spurious edition of Shakespeare's *Poems*, published in 1640; but probably the second is Fletcher's. White remarks: "The two stanzas in fact will not make one song, except at great violence to both the form and spirit of the first. For that is written so that the music shall repeat the last three syllables of each of the last two lines, which is impossible with the other: they can both be sung to the same music only by suppressing the beautiful and touching repetition in the first; and this was done when it was introduced in *The Bloody Brother*. Besides, the stanza added in that play is palpably addressed to a woman, while this is just as certainly and as clearly, though not just as palpably, addressed to a man. The command to the boy to break off his song is but a dramatic contrivance to procure the effect of an intrusion upon Mariana's solitude." It may be added that the second stanza is poetically inferior to the first; marred as it is by the conceit — quite in the taste of the time, to be sure — in the second couplet, and by "*those* icy chains," which makes a confusion of metaphors, to say nothing of the awkward repetition of *those*. I suspect, however, that Fletcher wrote "these icy chains."

6. *Seals of love*, etc. Steevens compares *Sonn.* 142. 7 :—

> " those lips of thine,
> That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,
> And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine ; "

and *V. and A.* 511 : " Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted."

10. *I cry you mercy.* I beg your pardon. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 182, *M. W.* iii. 5. 27, etc.

13. *My mirth*, etc. " Though the music soothed my sorrows, it had no tendency to produce light merriment " (Johnson).

18. *Meet.* Hanmer adds " one ; " but cf. *M. W.* ii. 3. 5 : " 'T is past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet ; " and *A. Y. L.* v. 2. 129 : " as you love Phebe, meet ; and as I love no woman, I 'll meet."

21. *Constantly.* Firmly ; as in *T. and C.* iv. 1. 40, etc.

28. *Circummur'd.* Walled round ; used by S. only here.

30. *Planched.* Planked, made of boards ; used by S. only here. Steevens quotes Gorges, *Lucan*, 1614 : " The planched floor," etc. We find also *plancher* = plank ; as in Lyly, *Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600 : " A hollow plancher," etc.

31. *His.* Its ; as often before *its* came into general use. See on i. 2. 4 above.

34–36. *There . . . him.* The folio reads :—

> " There haue I made my promise, vpon the
> Heauy midle of the night, to call vpon him."

Various re-arrangements have been proposed, that in the text being Walker's conjecture, adopted by the Cambridge editors, Dyce, and others. Dyce says that it was recommended to him by Tennyson in 1844.

Heavy seems here to be = drowsy, sleepy ; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 189, 194, 198, *M. N. D.* v. 1. 380, etc. In *Oth.* v. 1. 42 " heavy night " probably means cloudy or gloomy night.

40. *Action all of precept.* "Shewing the several turnings of the way with his hand" (Warburton).

42. *Concerning her observance.* Which it concerns her to observe. *Greed* should not be printed "'greed." It is used in prose; as in *M. of V.* ii. 2. 108, *T. of S.* ii. 1. 299, etc.

44. *Possess'd.* Informed; as in *Much Ado*, v. 1. 290, *M. of V.* i. 3. 65, etc.

Most. Utmost. Cf. *Ham.* i. 5. 180: "your most need," 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 71: "our most quiet," etc. We do not use it with a possessive pronoun now.

47. *Stays upon.* Waits for. Cf. *Macb.* i. 3. 148: "stay upon your leisure," etc.

48. *Borne up.* Arranged, devised.

61. *Are stuck upon thee.* Cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 45: "I stuck my choice upon her," etc.

62. *Quests.* Spyings. *Contrarious* here is = contradictory, or perhaps merely = diverse. S. uses the word elsewhere only in 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 52: "contrarious winds."

63. *Escapes.* Sallies; the only instance of this sense in S.

65. *Rack.* Probably = strain, distort, misrepresent. Cf. *racker* in *L. L. L.* v. 1. 21: "rackers of orthography."

72. *Pre-contract.* Betrothal; the only use of the term in this formal sense in S. *Contract* occurs often; as in i. 2. 146, iii. 1. 208, and v. 1. 207. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 159, etc.

74. *Sith.* Since. See on i. 3. 35 above.

75. *Flourish.* "Colour, varnish" (Schmidt), or grace. Cf. the noun in *Sonn.* 60. 9: "the flourish set on youth."

76. *Tilth's.* The folios have "Tithes" or "Tythes," and the Cambridge ed. reads "tithe 's." The reading in the text is Warburton's very probable conjecture, to which great support is given by Markham's *English Husbandman*, 1635: "After the beginning of March you shall begin to sowe your barley upon that ground which the year before did lie fallow, and is commonly called your *tilth* or fallowfield." Halliwell-Phillipps cites a passage from

Gower in which *sowing tilth* is mentioned. For *tilth*, see on i. 4. 44 above.

SCENE II. — 6. *Leave me your snatches.* None of your attempts at catching me up! For *me*, cf. i. 2. 166 and ii. 1. 120 above.

11. *Gyves.* Fetters; as in *Ham.* iv. 7. 21, etc.

13. *Unpitied.* Unmerciful. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 74 and *A. and C.* i. 3. 98.

23. *Compound.* Make an agreement.

26. *Estimation.* Reputation.

29. *Mystery.* Calling, trade. S. uses the word several times in this sense; as in *Oth.* iv. 2. 30 and *T. of A.* iv. 1. 18, iv. 3. 458. This is a different word from *mystery* = a secret rite, etc., which is derived through the Latin *mysterium*, from the Greek μυστήριον; while *mystery*, or *mistery* as it should be spelt, is from the Middle English *mistere*, a word used by Chaucer, and adapted from the old French *mestier*, which Cotgrave translates "a trade, occupation, *mistery*." Spenser uses *mysterie* = "the soldier's occupation," in *Mother Hubberds Tale*:—

> "Shame light on him that through so false illusion,
> Doth turne the name of Souldiers to abusion,
> And that which is the noblest *mysterie*,
> Brings to reproach and common infamie."

33. *A good favour you have.* There is a play upon *favour* = face. Cf. *Genesis*, xxix. 17, etc. See also 177 below.

44. *True man's.* Honest man's; often opposed to *thief.*

45. *If it be too little*, etc. The folios give this to "*Clo.*," or Pompey; but Capell, followed by most of the editors, transfers it to Abhorson. Clarke explains it satisfactorily thus: "Abhorson states his proof that hanging is a mystery by saying 'Every true man's apparel fits your thief,' and the clown, taking the words out of his mouth, explains them after his own fashion, and ends by saying 'So (in this way, or thus) every true man's apparel fits your thief.' Moreover, the speech is much more in character with the

clown's snip-snap style of chop-logic than with Abhorson's manner, which is remarkably curt and bluff."

52. *He doth oftener ask forgiveness.* It was the custom for the executioner to ask forgiveness of the criminal before fulfilling his office. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 3 :

> "The common executioner,
> Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
> Falls not his axe upon the humbled neck
> But first begs pardon."

59. *Yare.* Ready, apt. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 13. 130 :

> "A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank
> For being yare about him."

68. *Starkly.* Stiffly, as if dead; the only instance of the adverb in S. Cf. the adjective (used only of dead bodies) in 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 42, *R. and J.* iv. 1. 103, and *Cymb.* iv. 2. 209.

74. *Wholesom'st.* Cf. *wicked'st*, v. 1. 53 below; and see p. 145 above.

76. *Curfew.* S. transfers the English (and earlier Norman French) curfew bell to Vienna, as he does to Italy in *R. and J.* iv. 4. 4 (cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 40).

77. *They.* The plural pronoun has bothered some of the critics; but the duke is expecting both Isabella and the messenger with a reprieve. Cf. 86 below.

81. *Stroke.* The metaphor, as Johnson notes, is taken from the stroke of a pen. But it "also suggests the penal axe" (Herford).

84. *Qualify.* Abate, control. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 114, *Lear*, i. 2. 176, etc. *Meal'd* = "sprinkled, defiled" (Johnson). Blackstone made it = "mingled, compounded" (Fr. *mêler*). S. uses the verb only here.

86. *This being so.* The case being as it is; *this* referring, not to what immediately precedes, but to the former part of the speech.

87. *Seldom when.* Some print "seldom-when;" but this is

unnecessary, *seldom when* being = "'t is seldom when" (it is seldom that) in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 79.

89. *Spirit.* Monosyllabic; as often.

90. *Unsisting.* Explained by some as = unresting, but probably a misprint. Rowe reads "unresisting," Hanmer "unresting," and Capell "unshifting." White reads "unlisting," which was proposed by Mason, and is as good an emendation as any. If *unsisting* means "never at rest, always opening" (the definition is due to Blackstone), the word seems out of place when the door *is* at rest.

96. *Happily.* Haply; as often in the early editions, but generally changed to *haply* in the modern ones when dissyllabic.

99. *Siege.* Seat (Fr. *siège*). Cf. its use (= rank) in *Ham.* iv. 7. 77: "Of the unworthiest siege;" and *Oth.* i. 2. 22: "men of royal siege."

101. *Lordship's.* The folios have "lords;" corrected by Pope. The error probably arose from the use of the contraction "Lord." for *lordship.* In *T. of S.* ind. 2. 2, the folio reads "Wilt please your Lord drink a cup of sacke?"

102. *And here comes,* etc. The folios give this speech to "*Pro.*," but it evidently belongs to the Duke, as Tyrwhitt conjectured. The "Henry Irving" ed., though it makes the change, defends the folio reading thus: "The Provost, judging from what he knows of Angelo's character, has said that he has no expectation of a remand. At that moment Angelo's servant enters. 'This is his lordship's man,' says the Duke significantly. 'And here comes Claudio's pardon!' cries the Provost, now at last convinced. Is not all this very natural? The Provost, despite the opinion he holds to the contrary, has just confessed that 'haply' the pretended friar may be in the secret, and 'something know.' Would not the unexpected entrance of Angelo's servant — at so very unusual an hour ('almost day,' as he says in leaving) — force a strong probability on the Provost's mind that after all the friar is right? Another imaginary inconsistency is brought forward by Knight in

support of the change : that of the Provost's first saying, 'Here comes Claudio's pardon,' and then, 'I told you [that he had no chance of a pardon].' Here again the process of mind is quite natural. Having read the letter, and found out what it really is, the Provost is of course in the same mind as before as to Angelo's character, and the improbability of his pardoning Claudio. Thus, when the Duke questions him, 'What news?' he replies (ignoring his momentary change of front), 'I told you;' that is, 'I told you before that Claudio must die.'"

111. *His.* Its. See on iv. 1. 31 above.

118. *Putting-on.* Urging, incitement. Cf. *Cor.* ii. 3. 260: "you ne'er had done 't . . . but by our putting on," etc.

129. *What is,* etc. Who is, etc.; as often. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 66: "What 's he that goes there?"

132. *Nine years old.* Cf. *Ham.* iv. 6. 15: "Ere we were two days old at sea," etc.

137. *Fact.* Deed, crime. Schmidt makes the word always = crime; but often the ordinary sense of "deed, thing done" (Latin *factum*) is the more probable.

147. *Insensible of mortality and desperately mortal.* "Insensible of his being subject to death, and desperate in his incurring of death" (Clarke). Schmidt, following Johnson, makes *desperately mortal* = "destined to die without hope of salvation." This may be preferable.

158. *In the boldness of my cunning.* "In the confidence of my sagacity" (Steevens).

162. *In a manifested effect.* "That is, so that its being manifest may be the effect or result of my exposition" (Schmidt).

169. *Limited.* Appointed; as in *Macb.* ii. 3. 56: "my limited service," etc.

177. *Discover the favour.* Recognize the face. Cf. 33 above.

179. *Tie the beard. Tie* has been changed to "dye" and "trim;" but, as Clarke remarks, it is probable that the beard was sometimes tied up out of the way of the axe, at the request of

the sufferer. Sir Thomas More, when laying his head on the block, said to the executioner: "Let me put my beard aside; that hath not committed treason."

180. *Bared.* Referring to the shaving of the head, and perhaps also to the tying of the beard. The first three folios have "bar'de," and the 4th "barb'd." Dyce compares *A. W.* iv. 1. 54: "the baring of my beard."

182. *Fall to you upon this.* Befall you on account of this.

195. *Attempt.* Tempt; as in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 421: "I must attempt you further," etc.

198. *Character.* Handwriting. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 354, *Ham.* iv. 7. 53, etc.

207. *Is writ.* Hanmer reads "is here writ," which is of course what is meant.

208. *The unfolding star.* The morning star. Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 93:

> "The star that bids the shepherd fold
> Now the top of heaven doth hold."

212. *Present shrift.* Immediate absolution (after confession). Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 3. 56: "Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift."

214. *Absolutely resolve you.* Fully convince you. Cf. *J..C.* iii. 1. 131, iii. 2. 183, etc.

SCENE III. — 5. *Brown paper.* Rowe changes *paper* to "pepper;" but Steevens quotes *Michaelmas Term, Com.* 1607: "I know some gentlemen in town have been glad, and are glad at this time, to take up commodities in hawk's-hoods and brown paper;" *A New Trick to Cheat the Devil*, 1636:

> "to have been so bit already
> With taking up commodities of brown paper,
> Buttons past fashion, silks and satins,
> Babies and children's fiddles, with like trash
> Took up at a dear rate, and sold for trifles;"

Greene's *Defence of Coney-Catching*, 1592: "so that if he borrow an hundred pound, he shall have forty in silver, and threescore in wares; as lute-strings, hobby-horses, or brown paper," etc. Farmer and Douce add many similar passages, illustrating the practice of the money-lenders of that time. Verplanck remarks: "An amusing and instructive paper might be made up from the plays, novels, and essays of France and England, for the last three centuries, describing the still familiar arts of the money-lenders, to whom men of desperate credit are driven for aid, in contriving to avoid the usury laws, by obliging the hapless customer to take a portion of their loan in some unsalable commodities, such as 'brown paper and old ginger.' From Shakespeare, who, as he soon became (in his own phrase) 'a rich fellow enough, and had every thing handsome about him,' must have described only the experience of others, to Sheridan, who doubtless related his own experience in that of Charles Surface, there is hardly an English writer of comic fiction but has at least hinted at this fruitful topic. Le Sage, Molière, etc., down to the present novelists of Paris, have also found in this perpetual food for pleasantry; and their laughable satire would not require much alteration to make it very intelligible on this side of the Atlantic. The first notice of it that has fallen in my way was in Wilson's *Discourse on Usury* (1572); and, as he speaks of it as being then no novelty, this establishes a very respectable antiquity for this time-honored usage."

8. *For the old women were all dead.* On the fondness of old women for *ginger*, cf. *M. of V.* iii. 1. 10: "I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger," etc.

11. *Peaches him.* Impeaches him as; an obvious play on *peach-coloured.*

14. *The rapier and dagger man.* Among the ten prisoners mentioned in this speech are four "stabbers" and duellists; and, according to Wilson the historian, the "roaring boys, bravadoes, roysters," and like characters had become so disorderly in 1604 that the "act of stabbing" (1 Jac. I. c. 8) was passed to restrain them.

16. *Forthright.* The folios have "Forthlight;" corrected by Warburton. S. uses *forthright* in *Temp.* iii. 3. 3 and *T. and C.* iii. 3. 158.

19. *For the Lord's sake.* The cry of debtors in prison in begging alms of the passers-by. Malone quotes a poem entitled *Paper's Complaint*, 1611:

> "Good gentle writers, for the Lord sake, for the Lord sake,
> Like Ludgate prisoner, lo, I (begging) make
> My mone to you;"

and Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593: "crying for the Lord's sake out at an iron window."

22. *Hanged.* Often used loosely for "executed;" as *hangman* below (and often) for "executioner."

35. *I hear his straw rustle.* "The effect of these few words, and of those immediately preceding, is marvellously strong, though so condensed. They give the impression of the caged wild-beast-man, with the unwillingness of his keepers to enter his den and bring him forth" (Clarke).

41. *Clap into your prayers.* Cf. *A. Y. L.* v. 3. 11: "Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting?" and *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 44: "Clap us into 'Light o' love,'" etc.

65. *O gravel heart!* O flinty heart! It is the only instance of the adjective in S.; but there is no reason for doubting its authenticity here, as some have done.

69. *Transport him.* "Remove him from one world to another" (Johnson).

81. *Whiles.* Used by S. interchangeably with *while*, which Pope substitutes here.

89. *Journal.* Diurnal (its etymological sense); as in *Cymb.* iv. 2. 10: "your journal course."

90. *The under generation.* "This lower world" (*Temp.* iii. 3. 54). The folios have "yond" for *under*, which is Hanmer's emendation. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 170: "Approach, thou beacon to this

under world," etc. Steevens takes *the under generation* to be the Antipodes, and cites *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 38.

101. *By cold gradation and well-balanc'd form.* That is, coolly and deliberately (not hastily and passionately), and with due regard to form. The folios have "weale-balanc'd" or "weal balanc'd;" corrected by Rowe. Schmidt would retain the old text, making it = "with due observance of all forms, which it would be against the public interest not to observe."

104. *Convenient.* Proper, becoming; as often.

105. *Commune.* Accented by S. on the first syllable, except perhaps in *W. T.* ii. 1. 162.

111. *Make her.* That is, make for her.

112. *When it is least expected.* Johnson remarks: "A better reason might have been given. It was necessary to keep Isabella in ignorance, that she might with more keenness accuse the deputy."

120. *Close.* Silent, or secret.

122. *Shall not.* Will not; as not unfrequently.

124. *Injurious.* Often used by S. in a stronger sense than now. Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 15. 76: "the injurious gods," etc.

130. *Covent.* Convent. It is an old form of that word, occurring again in *Hen. VIII.* iv. 2. 19. *Covent Garden* in London was originally the garden of the *convent* at Westminster. Rowe and some others have needlessly changed it to "Convent," which makes a harsh combination with *confessor.*

Confessor. Accented by S. on either the first or second syllable, according to the measure.

131. *Instance.* Intimation. Cf. *C. of E.* i. 1. 65:

> "Before the always-wind-obeying deep
> Gave any tragic instance of our harm."

134, 135. *If you can pace,* etc. The pointing is that suggested by the Cambridge editors. The common reading is:

"If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go."

136. *Your bosom.* Your heart's desire. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 574: "you have your father's bosom there," etc.

144. *To the head.* Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 62: "Claudio, to thy head," etc. See also *M. N. D.* i. 1. 106. S. also has "to his face;" as in *A. W.* iv. 3. 131, *Rich. II.* v. 3. 44, etc.

145. *Home and home.* Cf. *Ham.* iii. 3. 29: "she 'll tax him home," etc.

146. *Combined.* Bound, pledged. Cf. *combinate* in iii. 1. 214 above.

161. *Beholding.* Many of the modern eds. substitute "beholden," which is not found in S.

162. *He lives not in them.* "His character depends not on them" (Steevens).

165. *Woodman.* Huntsman, with the equivocal sense which the word had of hunting the *dear* rather than the *deer*. Reed quotes *The Chances*, i. 9:

"Well, well, son John,
I see you are a woodman, and can choose
Your deer, though it be i' the dark."

178. *Medlar.* The fruit of the *Mespilus Germanica*, a tree still common in England. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 125, 128.

SCENE IV. — 1. *Hath disvouched other.* Has contradicted the others. Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 230: "every time gentler than other," etc.

6. *Redeliver.* The 1st folio has "re-liuer," the later folios "deliver." *Redeliver* is due to Capell. Some have attempted to defend "reliver."

8. *And why should we*, etc. "It is the conscious guilt of Angelo that prompts this question. The reply of Escalus is such as arises from an undisturbed mind, that only considers the mysterious conduct of the duke in a political point of view" (Steevens).

18. *Of sort and suit.* Of rank (cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 7. 142: "a gentle-

man of great sort") and such as owe attendance. By feudal law, all vassals were bound to be ready at all times to attend and serve their lord; or, as the expression was, they owed him "suit and service."

22. *Unpregnant.* Unready, unapt for business. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2 595: "unpregnant of my cause;" the only other instance in S. Cf. also the use of *pregnant* in i. 1. 11 above.

27. *Tongue.* For the verb, cf. *Cymb.* v. 4. 148:

"such stuff as madmen
Tongue and brain not."

Dares her no. "Bids her not dare to do it" (Clarke), or admonishes her not to do it. For the use of *no*, a writer in the *Monthly Review* compares Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Chances*, iii. 4: "I wear a sword to satisfy the world no" (that it is not so); and *A Wife for a Month*, iv.: "I am sure he did not, for I charg'd him no" (not to do it). Schmidt thinks the meaning may be "defies her denial of my assertions." The editors have made various changes in the passage, but none is really necessary.

28. *Bears so credent bulk.* The first three folios read "bears of a credent bulk;" the 4th folio changes "of" to "off." The emendation in the text is Dyce's, and seems to me on the whole the best that has been suggested. *Credent bulk* = great credibility, or "weight of credit" (Schmidt).

29. *Particular.* Private, individual. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 5. 92, v. 2. 74, etc.

SCENE V. — 1. *These letters.* "Peter never delivers the letters, but tells his story without any credentials. The poet forgot the plot which he had formed" (Johnson).

5. *Blench.* Start away. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 333: "Could man so blench?"

8. *Valentinus.* The folios have "Valencius," and Pope reads "Unto Valentius." *Valentinus* is Capell's correction. It is another form of *Valentine* in *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 67.

9. *Trumpets.* Trumpeters; as in *Hen. V.* iv. 2. 61: "I will the banner from a trumpet take," etc.

SCENE VI. — 4. *To veil full purpose.* To cover his full intent. Some have read *'vailful* and *availful*, neither of which is found elsewhere in S.

13. *Generous and gravest.* That is, most generous, or most noble; the superlative inflection really belonging to both adjectives. For *generous*, cf. *Oth.* iii. 2. 180, *Ham.* i. 3. 74, etc.

14. *Hent.* Passed, gone out of. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 133: "merrily hent the stile-a." See also the noun (= hold, seizure) in *Ham.* iii. 3. 88: "a more horrid hent."

Very near upon, etc. The duke is on the point of entering.

ACT V

SCENE I. — 7. *Yield you forth to.* The use of *forth* with *yield* is somewhat peculiar. The expression may be = call you forth to give you public thanks.

8. *Bonds.* Obligations. Cf. *A. W.* i. 3. 194, *Lear*, i. 1. 95, etc.

12. *Forted.* Fortified; used by S. only here.

14. *Subject.* Used in a collective sense; as in iii. 2. 139 above.

20. *Vail your regard.* Bend down your look. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 28: "Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs;" *Ham.* i. 2. 70: "thy vailed lids," etc. This obsolete *vail* (from the French *avaler*) has often been confounded, even by editors and critics, with *veil*, which is of entirely different origin.

36. *Strange.* The ellipsis of the adverbial inflection in pairs of adverbs is not unusual in S. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 3. 3: "sprightfully and bold;" *Rich. III.* iii. 4. 50: "cheerfully and smooth," etc. See also on a similar ellipsis in iv. 6. 13 above.

48. *Conjure.* Accented by S. on either syllable, without regard to the meaning.

52. *Unlike.* Unlikely; as often. So *like* is often = likely.

53. *Wicked'st.* For contracted superlatives in S., cf. iv. 2. 74.

54. *Absolute.* Complete, perfect. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 111: "an absolute gentleman," etc.

56. *Dressings.* "Semblance of virtue, habiliments of office" (Johnson). *Characts* = characters, in the sense of writing; here used figuratively = distinctive marks, outward characteristics. Cf. i. 1. 27 above. S. uses the word only here.

63. *As e'er I heard,* etc. That ever I heard, etc. Capell conjectured "ne'er" for *e'er,* and some recent editors have shown their ignorance of Shakespeare's English by adopting that reading. "The oddest frame of sense as e'er I heard" is the leading construction (for which cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 33: "that gentleness . . . as I was wont to have;" and see *Id.* i. 2. 174), and line 62 is inserted as a parenthetic explanation of *frame of sense.*

Dr. Bucknill, in his *Psychology of S.* (quoted by Clarke), considers the passage an instance of the poet's thorough knowledge of the right tests whereby to detect insanity. The duke says that he believes Isabella to be mad, and then adds that her madness has just that strange appearance of sense and connection which sometimes, though rarely, is heard from those who are mad. Then she, dreading lest her eagerness should give an air of disconnection to what she says, bids him "not banish reason for inequality," that is, "not believe her devoid of reason on account of incoherency or inconsistency."

64. *Do not banish reason,* etc. Johnson explains this: "Let not the high quality of my adversary prejudice you against me."

65. *Inequality.* Inconsistency, improbability; used by S. nowhere else. Schmidt doubts whether "improbability" or "partiality" is the meaning.

67. *And hide the false seems true.* If this be what S. wrote, the meaning must be "and suppress the false which seems true." *Hide* seems not just the word to use in this sense, but, as Malone suggests, it may have been chosen for the sake of the antithesis.

72. *Probation.* Cf. i. 2. 168 above.

74. *As then.* *As* is often thus with expressions of time; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 70: "as at that time;" *R. and J.* v. 3. 247: "come as this dark night," etc. *An 't like* = if it please. Cf. ii. 1. 169 above.

90. *To the matter.* "German to the matter" (*Ham.* v. 2. 165), suited to the case.

94. *Refell'd.* Refuted (Latin *refello*); used by S. only here.

98. *Concupiscible.* "Concupiscent" (Pope's reading). S. uses the word nowhere else, and *concupiscent* and *concupiscence* not at all. We find the noun *concupy* in *T. and C.* v. 2. 177.

100. *Remorse.* Pity, compassion; as in ii. 2. 54 above. *Confutes* = prevails over.

104. *Like.* Seeming like truth, likely to be believed. Warburton explained *like* as = "seemly;" but Johnson is clearly right in taking the speech to be a wish "that since her tale is true it may be believed."

105. *Fond.* Foolish. See on ii. 2. 149 and 186 above.

107. *Practice.* Plotting, conspiracy; as in 123 below and often.

108. *Imports no reason.* Carries with it no reason, is not reasonable.

110. *Proper to himself.* Belonging to himself. Cf. i. 1. 30 above.

118. *Countenance!* Explained by Warburton as = "partial favour;" but it seems rather = "false appearance," as Mason makes it. Schmidt puts it under the head of "authority, credit, patronage," which may be right.

127. *'T is.* Contemptuous; as in *M. of V.* iii. 3. 18: "It is the most impenetrable cur," etc. Sometimes it expresses affectionate familiarity; as in *Macb.* i. 4. 58: "It is a peerless kinsman," etc.

130. *Swing'd.* Whipped, beaten. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 21: "I will have you as soundly swinged for this," etc.

131. *This'.* This is. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 6. 187, etc. Here the first three folios have *this'*, and the 4th folio "this." Rowe reads "this is," and the Cambridge ed. "this 's."

142. *Ungot.* Not begotten. Cf. *ungotten* in *Hen. V.* i. 2. 287.

145. *A temporary meddler.* That is, one who meddles with temporal matters, or things not concerning his spiritual profession. It is the only instance of *temporary* in S.

152. *Mere request.* Particular request. For the emphatic use of *mere*, cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 265 : "his mere enemy," etc. Here Schmidt explains the passage as = "his request was my only motive."

157. *Probation.* Proof; as in *Ham.* i. 1. 156, *Oth.* iii. 3. 365, etc.

158. *Convented.* Summoned, called to appear. Cf. *Cor.* ii. 2. 58, *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 52, etc.

160. *Vulgarly.* Before all the people, publicly (Steevens and Schmidt). Some explain it as "grossly, coarsely;" and Clarke thinks it combines both meanings.

166. *Impartial.* Taking no part; as in *V. and A.* 748 : "the impartial gazer." Malone shows that *impartial* was sometimes used in the sense of *partial;* but there is no necessity for explaining it so here.

200. *Just.* See on iii. 1. 67 above.

203. *Abuse.* Deception, or delusion. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 51, etc. Some make it = imposition.

210. *Garden-house.* Summer-house; often, as Malone shows by quotations from contemporaneous writers, the scene of intrigue.

217. *Her promised proportions*, etc. "Her fortune, which was promised *proportionate* to mine, fell short of the *composition*, that is, contract or bargain" (Johnson). *Proportion*, however, may be simply = portion; as in *T. G. of V.* ii. 3. 3 : "I have received my proportion." See also *Per.* iv. 2. 29.

219. *Disvalued.* Depreciated; the only instance of the word in S.

221. *Spake.* For the past tense after *since*, cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 7. 58 : "I was not angry since I came to France." See also *A. and C.* i. 3. 1, *Cymb.* iv. 2. 190, etc.

230. *Confixed.* Fixed; used by S. nowhere else.

234. *Informal.* Insane; as *formal* was = sane. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 105: "To make of him a formal man again." S. uses *informal* only here.

235. *More mightier.* Double comparatives and superlatives are frequent in S. and contemporary writers.

237. *Practice.* Plot, conspiracy; as in 107 and 123 above.

238. *To your height of pleasure.* As much as you please.

240. *Compact.* Leagued, united in conspiracy; as in *Lear*, ii. 2. 125:

> "When he, compact, and flattering his displeasure,
> Tripp'd me behind."

243. *Seal'd in approbation?* "*Approved*, and *sealed* in testimony of that *approbation*, and, like other things so sealed, no more to be called in question" (Johnson).

253. *To hear this matter forth.* "To hear the further process of the matter" (Schmidt); or "hear it to the end" (Johnson).

258. *Throughly.* Thoroughly; the only form in S.

261. *Cucullus non facit monachum.* "All hoods make not monks," as it is translated in *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1. 23. The Latin is quoted again in *T. N.* i. 5. 62. Cf. *Promos and Cassandra*, Pt. I. iii. 6: "A holie Hoode makes not a Frier devoute."

265. *Enforce.* Urge, give the weight of your testimony concerning.

278. *Light.* A word on which S. is fond of quibbling. Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 129:

> "Let me give light, but let me not be light,
> For a light wife doth make a heavy husband."

See also *Id.* ii. 6. 42, iii. 2. 91, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 26, etc.

291. *Respect to your great place!* etc. This seems to be spoken with a touch of irony. Malone suspected that a line had been lost before this; but the connection is clear enough: yes, I know where I am, and the respect due to your *office* at least.

300. *Retort your manifest appeal.* "To *refer back* to Angelo the cause in which you *appealed* from Angelo to the duke" (Johnson). Schmidt makes *retort* = reject. Herford says: "not merely reject, but forcibly turn back upon itself by causing it to be addressed to the man whose crime was the subject of it."

307. *His proper ear.* His own ear. See on i. 2. 129 above.

310. *Touze.* Pull, tear. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 760.

315. *Nor here provincial.* Nor under the jurisdiction of this ecclesiastical province.

318. *The stew.* Apparently = the cauldron; with perhaps an allusion to *stew* = brothel, as some suggest. Steevens compares *Macb.* iv. 1. 19: "Like a hell-broth boil and bubble."

320. *The forfeits in a barber's shop.* "Those shops were places of great resort, for passing away time in an idle manner. By way of enforcing some kind of regularity, and perhaps at least as much to promote drinking, certain laws were usually hung up, the transgression of which was to be punished by specific forfeitures. It is not to be wondered that laws of that nature were as often laughed at as obeyed" (Nares). Dr. Kenrick has given some specimens of these *forfeits* — as, for instance,

> "Who rudely takes another's turn
> A forfeit mug may manners learn;"

and

> "Who checks the barber in his tale
> Must pay for each his pot of ale."

According to Steevens, these are forgeries, but Staunton thinks they may be authentic. Henley remembered to have seen such *forfeits* in Devonshire (printed like "King Charles's Rules"), but could not recollect any of them. Marshall quotes a manuscript note from his copy of the 4th folio: "It is a custom in the shops of all mechanicks to make it a forfeiture for any stranger to use or take up the tools of their trade. In a Barber's shop especially, when heretofore Barbers practis'd the under parts of surgery their

Instruments being of a nice kind, and their shops generally full of Idle people" [a written list was displayed[1]] "shewing what particular forfeiture was required for meddling."

342. *Close.* Come to an agreement, make his peace. Elsewhere it is followed by *with*, but the sense is the same. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 830, *J. C.* iii. 1. 202, 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 354, etc.

347. *Giglots.* Wantons; spelt "giglets" in the old editions. Cf. the adjective in 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 41: "giglot wench;" and *Cymb.* iii. 1. 31: "O giglot fortune!"

348. *Companion.* Used contemptuously (= fellow); as in *J. C.* iv. 3. 138: "Companion, hence!" 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 132: "I scorn you, scurvy companion;" and 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 10. 33: "Why, rude companion," etc. It is found in this sense in Smollett's *Roderick Random* (1748): "Scurvy companion! Saucy tarpaulin! Rude, impertinent fellow!"

354. *Sheep-biting.* Explained by Schmidt as "morose, surly, malicious;" but according to Dyce, it was a cant term for thieving. Cf. *sheep-biter* in *T. N.* ii. 5. 6.

Be hanged an hour! This seems to have been a cant phrase; *an hour* having no particular meaning but used to emphasize the expression. Gifford, in a note on Ben Jonson, quotes from an old madrigal "What, piper, ho! be hanged awhile!" which he compares with *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 38: "and be naught awhile!" He adds: "It is too much, perhaps, to say that the words *an hour*, *awhile*, are pure expletives, but it is sufficiently apparent that they have no perceptible influence on the exclamations to which they are subjoined. . . . They are, in short, pithy and familiar maledictions, and cannot be better rendered than in the words of Warburton, 'A plague, or a mischief, on you!'" Several changes have been made by the editors.

364. *Do thee office?* Do thee service.

370. *My passes.* My proceedings, or acts; used like *passages* in *T. N.* iii. 2, 77, 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 8, etc.

[1] There is a hiatus here in the MS.

378. *Which consummate.* Which being consummated. For the form, cf. *dedicate* in ii. 2. 154 above.

383. *Advertising and holy.* "Attentive and faithful" (Johnson). *Advertising* is rather = counselling, instructing; as in i. 1. 41 above. *Holy* apparently refers to his having acted the part of a priest.

386. *Pain'd.* Made labour and trouble for. Cf. *painful* = laborious, in *Temp.* iii. 1. 1, *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 23, etc.

388. *Free.* Liberal, generous.

392. *Remonstrance.* "Demonstration, manifestation" (Schmidt); the only instance of the word in S. Dyce cites from Arrowsmith's *Shakespeare's Editors and Commentators*, the following quotations: Barnabe Barnes, *The Divil's Charter*, 1607: "Your sonne shall make *remonstrance* of his valour;" W. Barclay, *The Lost Lady*, 1639:—

> "with all *remonstrances*
> Of love," etc.;

Taylor, *Sermons*, 1653: "manifested in such visible *remonstrances;*" Smith, *Posthumous Sermons*, 1744: "to make *remonstrance* and declaration of what he thinks."

396. *Brain'd my purpose.* "Knocked my design on the head" (Johnson).

401. *Salt.* Lustful; as in *A. and C.* ii. 1. 21: "salt Cleopatra," etc.

405. *Of promise-breach.* Hanmer reads "in promise-breach;" but the "confusion of construction" is not unlike others in S.

408. *His proper tongue.* His own tongue. Cf. 307 above.

411. *Quit.* Requite; as in 496 below.

Measure still for measure. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 6. 54: "Measure for measure must be answered." It seems to have been a common phrase. Steevens cites *A Warning for Fair Women*, 1599:—

> "Then triall now remaines, as shall conclude,
> *Measure for measure*, and lost bloud for bloud."

413. *Denies thee vantage.* "Will avail thee nothing" (Malone). *Wouldst* = shouldst.

423. *Confutation.* This is the reading of the 1st folio, for which the 2d substitutes "confiscation," which has been generally adopted. But *confutation* is probably right. See the *New Shak. Soc. Transactions*, 1880–86: "Although the substantive *confutatio*, conviction, was unknown, there were examples of the post-classical use of the verb *confutare*, to convict. In Ammianus Marcellinus, lib. xxvi. cap. 3, and the *Theodosian Code*, lib. xi. tit. viii. respectively, the past participles *confutatos* and *confutatus* occur, the context showing that in both cases they bear the meaning of *convicted*.

"Moreover, as Angelo's crime was murder, not treason, conviction would be the proper English term for expressing the antecedent cause of his forfeiture. 'Lands are forfeited upon *attainder*, and not before; goods and chattels are forfeited by *conviction*' (Blackstone's *Commentaries*, iv. 387, ed. 1873).

"There was another possible meaning for *confutation*. The *Catholicon Anglicum*, p. 263, has: 'to Ouer come; confundere, fundere, *confutare*, debellare,' etc. Now apply this definition metaphorically to Angelo's circumstances, and it might be said that he had been vanquished in single combat with his accuser Isabel. We, having no trial by battle, by duel of accuser and accused, which was frequent in early days, forget that *overcoming* your adversary was in fact *convicting* him of the crime of which you accused him, or he you. The addition of the meaning 'convict' to *confutare*, overcome, would follow as a matter of course."

424. *Widow you.* Dower you; the only instance of this sense in S.

427. *Definitive.* Resolved; the only instance of the word in S. He uses *definite* once (in *Cymb.* i. 6. 43) and in the same sense.

433. *Importune.* For the accent, see on i. 1. 56 above. *Sense* = both reason and feeling (Johnson).

434. *Fact.* Deed, crime. See on iv. 2. 137 above.

451. *His act did not o'ertake his bad intent.* Steevens quotes *Macb.* iv. 1. 145: —

"The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it."

452. *Must be buried*, etc. "Like the traveller, who dies on his journey, is obscurely interred, and thought of no more" (Steevens).

464. *After more advice.* On further consideration. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 2. 6, *T. of S.* i. 1. 117, etc.

467. *What 's he?* Who is he? See on iv. 2. 129 above.

483. *Quit.* Acquit, forgive. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 1. 11, *A. W.* v. 3. 300, etc.

485. *Advise him.* Give him spiritual counsel.

490–493. *If he be like your brother*, etc. Marshall ("Henry Irving" ed.) gives the passage thus: —

"If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd, — [*Claudio discovers himself to Isabella — she rushes into his arms, and then kneels to Angelo*] — and, for your lovely sake;
Give me your hand, [*raising her*] and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: [*taking Claudio's hand*] but fitter time for that."

His note upon it is as follows: "In the 1st folio these lines stand thus (without any stage direction): —

'Is he pardon'd and for your louelie sake
Giue me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too. But fitter time for that.'

The awkwardness of the rhyme of line 491 is very manifest; and various emendations have been attempted. Hanmer reads *He 's pardoned*, and rearranges the next two lines thus: —

'Give me your hand, say you 'll be mine, and he 's
My brother too.'

Capell proposed: 'Is he too pardon'd?' to which Dyce very justly objects because of the *too* in the next line; and prints, apparently on his own responsibility, '*Then* is he pardon'd.' It is easy to supply an extra syllable to make the line more rhythmical; I would suggest *So* rather than *Then*, but I should prefer to read '*He is*

pardon'd,' letting the pause supply the place of the next syllable, but that the author seems to have wished to avoid the recurrence of *He is* at the beginning of two lines so close together. The dramatic force of the passage requires that the *his* in line 490 and the *your* in line 491 should be slightly accentuated.

"The first important point to be considered is when does Isabella recognize Claudio? As the text stands, without any stage-direction, it would appear that Isabella took no notice whatever of her brother when she finds he is alive; but, as has been pointed out by other commentators, Shakespeare wrote for the stage, and this recognition of Claudio could easily take place in action without any spoken words. In the acting version it takes place after the words *Is he pardon'd*, and Isabella is made to say *O, my dear brother!* The next two and a half lines of the Duke's speech are omitted, and he resumes 'By this Lord Angelo perceives he 's safe.'

"This, of course, gets rid of all difficulty, but to take such liberties with the text here is scarcely necessary. As the passage is arranged in our text, we imagine that Claudio — who is on the right side of the stage by the side of the Provost — having thrown off his disguise, turns round to Isabella at the word *pardon'd;* she interrupts the Duke by rushing across him to embrace her brother; and then, remembering herself, kneels to express her respectful gratitude. The Duke continues his interrupted sentence, and raises her from her knees, placing her on the left side of him. He then speaks the next line (492) holding her hand in his; and, at the words *He is my brother too*, turns to Claudio, giving him his hand as a confirmation of his pardon. The arrangement of the punctuation, adopted in our text, slightly alters the sense of the passage as printed by most modern editors; the words *and for your lovely sake* meaning that Claudio has been pardoned — as undoubtedly he was — chiefly for Isabella's sake. But, as the passage is usually punctuated, these words would mean that for Isabella's *lovely sake*, if she gave the Duke her hand, then he would consider Claudio his brother; but surely, in that case, the words *for your lovely sake* are redundant;

for what the Duke means to say is that, if Isabella will marry him, he will look upon Claudio as his brother. In any case the last sentence must be elliptical in its construction, being equivalent to '*If you will* give me your hand [in marriage], *then* he is my brother too.'"

492. *Give me your hand.* That is, if you give me your hand.

496. *Quits you well.* Turns out well for you.

497. *Her worth worth yours.* "Her value is equal to your value, she is not unworthy of you" (Johnson).

498. *Apt remission.* Readiness to forgive.

499. *In place.* Present; as in *T. of S.* i. 2. 157, 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 103, etc.

501. *Luxury.* Lust; the only meaning in S.

504. *According to the trick.* According to the fashion, after the manner of young fellows. See on iii. 1. 113 above.

510. *If any woman's wrong'd.* The folio has "woman;" corrected by Hanmer. The Cambridge ed. reads, "Is any woman," etc.

513. *Nuptial.* See on iii. 1. 216 above.

521. *Forfeits.* Penalties. Lucio is let off more easily than some appear to suppose. *Forfeits* here must refer to the whipping and hanging.

523. *Marrying a punk,* etc. There is a reference here to the ancient punishment of the *peine forte et dure,* or pressing to death by heavy weights laid on the body. Cf. *Much Ado,* iii. 1. 76, *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 72, etc. It is suggested in a letter in the *Athenæum* of Feb. 23, 1884, signed H. C. Coote, that Shakespeare had also in mind an Italian law, in force during his lifetime in the States of the Church, by which a criminal could be released from the penalty of his crime on marrying a courtesan. In Prof. Fabio Gori's *Archivio Storico, Artistico, Archeologico, e Letterario* (Spoleto, Tip. Bassani), vol. iii. pp. 220, 221, is given, says Mr. Coote, "the petition of a Sienese courtesan named Caterina de Geronime, living at Rome, to the governor of the city. It has been extracted from the public

records of Rome, and may therefore be fully relied upon for truth and authenticity. This petition (*supplica*), which is dated the 9th of February, 1611, sets forth that the lady has followed her profession for these twenty years ('sono 20 anni che sta in peccato') and now wishes to reform ('Hora si trova in volontà et [*sic*] fermo proposito di levarsi di peccato, et [*sic*] viver da donna dabene et [*sic*] christianamente'). She then goes on to state that Nicolò de Rubeis (*i.e.* de Rossi) di Assisi, *alias* Gattarello, who has been accused, though quite unjustly, of being a cheat at cards ('falso gioiatore'), he never having had such things as cards or dice in his possession, has been, through the persecution of his enemies, condemned to exile from Rome and the States of the Church. The poor petitioner ('povera oratrice') has put up the banns between herself and the said Nicolò in the church of S. Lorenzo in Lucina, and she implores his excellency the governor to remit to Nicolò his said exile, inasmuch as he wishes to relieve her from sin, which besides, she adds, will be a pious work. The governor has noted upon the memorial 'Concedatur.' Whatever may have been the value of the poor woman's opinion of her friend Nicolò, there can be no doubt that she has represented the criminal law of the States of the Church with perfect accuracy, and that law was probably not confined to the Papal dominions. Some wandering Englishman had doubtless heard of it, and told the poet, who, as we know, thirsted after all sorts of knowledge, and he afterwards applied it, as we have seen, to heighten the local colour of his play."

526. *She.* For a wonder, *not* "corrected" by Pope to *her*. See on iii. 1. 215 above.

530. *Gratulate.* To be gratulated, gratifying. For the form, see on 378 above. Hanmer reads "execute" for *executed* in 522.

Mrs. Jameson, in her closing comments on the play, remarks (and I am inclined to agree with her):

"Of all the characters, Isabella alone has our sympathy. But though she triumphs in the conclusion, her triumph is not produced

in a pleasing manner. There are too many disguises and tricks, too many 'by-paths and indirect crooked ways,' to conduct us to the natural and foreseen catastrophe, which the duke's presence throughout renders inevitable. This duke seems to have a predilection for bringing about justice by a most unjustifiable succession of falsehoods and counterplots. He really deserves Lucio's satirical designation, who somewhere styles him 'the fantastical duke of dark corners.' But Isabella is ever consistent in her pure and upright simplicity, and, in the midst of this simulation, expresses a characteristic disapprobation of the part she is made to play:

'To speak so indirectly I am loath;
I would say the truth.'

"She yields to the supposed friar with a kind of forced docility, because her situation as a religious novice, and his station, habit, and authority, as her spiritual director, demand this sacrifice. In the end we are made to feel that her transition from the convent to the throne has but placed this noble creature in her natural sphere; for though Isabella as Duchess of Vienna could not more command our highest reverence than Isabella the novice of St. Clare, yet a wider range of usefulness and benevolence, of trial and action, was better suited to the large capacity, the ardent affections, the energetic intellect, and firm principle of such a woman as Isabella than the walls of a cloister. The philosophical duke observes in the very first scene:

'Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.'

"This profound and beautiful sentiment is illustrated in the character and destiny of Isabella. She says, of herself, that 'she

has spirit to act whatever her heart approves;' and what her heart approves we know."

Schlegel takes much the same view of the Duke. He says: "The duke acts the part of the monk naturally, even to deception; he unites in his person the wisdom of the priest and the prince. Only in his wisdom he is too fond of roundabout ways; his vanity is flattered with acting invisibly like an earthly providence; he takes more pleasure in overhearing his subjects than governing them in the customary way of princes. As he ultimately extends a free pardon to all the guilty, we do not see how his original purpose, in committing the execution of the laws to other hands, of restoring their strictness, has in any wise been accomplished. The poet might have had this irony in view, that of the numberless slanders of the duke, told him by the petulant Lucio, in ignorance of the person whom he is addressing, that at least which regarded his singularities and whims was not wholly without foundation. It is deserving of remark that Shakespeare, amidst the rancour of religious parties, takes a delight in painting the condition of a monk, and always represents his influence as beneficial. We find in him none of the black and knavish monks, which an enthusiasm for Protestantism, rather than poetical inspiration, has suggested to some of our modern poets. Shakespeare merely gives his monks an inclination to busy themselves in the affairs of others, after renouncing the world for themselves; with respect, however, to pious frauds, he does not represent them as very conscientious. Such are the parts acted by the monk in *Romeo and Juliet*, and another in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and even by the duke, whom, contrary to the well-known proverb, the cowl seems really to make a monk."

APPENDIX

WHETSTONE'S "PROMOS AND CASSANDRA"

THE title of this play is as follows: "*The right excellent and famous Historye of Promos and Cassandra:* divided into two Commical Discourses. In the first Part is shewn, The unsufferable Abuse of a lewd MAGISTRATE; The vertuous Behaviours of a chaste LADYE; The uncontrouled Lewdhness of a favoured CURTISAN: And the undeserved estimation of a pernicious PARASYTE. In the second part is discoursed, The perfect magnanimity of a noble KING, In checking Vice and favouring Vertue: Wherein is shown The Ruin and overthrow of dishonest practices: With the advancement of upright dealings. The Work of George Whetstone, Gent."

In the dedication the author is nothing if not critical, condemning for sundry reasons the dramatic tastes of the chief literary nations of Europe, his own not excepted. He says: "At this daye, the Italian is so lascivious in his Commedies, that honest hearers are greeved at his actions; the *Frenchman* and *Spaniarde* folows the *Italians* humor: the *Germaine* is too holye; for he presents on every common stage what Readers should pronounce in Pulpets. The *Englishman*, in this qualitie, is most vaine, indiscrete, and out of order: he first groundes his worke on impossibilities: then in three howers rounes he throwe the world: marryes, gets children, bringeth Gods from Heaven, and fetcheth divels from Hell." But his greatest objection to English dramatists is that they do not make the speech of each character appropriate to it, but use one order of speech for all kinds of persons. His theories, however, are better than his practice.

The outline of the comedy, as given by the author or the publisher in the "Argument of the Whole History" prefixed to the play, is as follows: —

"In the cyttie of Julio (sometimes vnder the dominion of Coruinus, Kinge of Hungarie and Boemia) there was a law, that what man so euer committed adultery should lose his head, and the woman offender should weare some disguised apparel during her life, to make her infamouslye noted. This seuere lawe, by the fauour of some mercifull magistrate, became little regarded vntill the time of Lord Promos auctority; who conuicting a yong gentleman named Andrugio of incontinency, condemned both him and his minion to the execution of this statute. Andrugio had a very vertuous and beawtiful gentlewoman to his sister, named Cassandra: Cassandra to enlarge her brothers life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord Promos: Promos regarding her good behauiours, and fantasying her great beawtie, was much delighted with the sweete order of her talke; and doying good, that euill might come thereof, for a time he repryu'd her brother; but, wicked man, tourning his liking vnto vnlawfull lust, he set downe the spoile of her honour raunsome for her brothers life. Chaste Cassandra, abhorring both him and his sute, by no perswasion would yeald to this raunsome: but in fine, wonne with the importunitye of hir brother (pleading for life) vpon these conditions she agreede to Promos; first that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. Promos, as feareles in promisse as carelesse in performance, with sollemne vowe sygned her conditions: but worse than any infydel, his will satisfyed, he performed neither the one nor the other; for, to keepe his auctoritye vnspotted with fauour, and to preuent Cassandraes clamors, he commaunded the gayler secretly to present Cassandra with her brothers head. The gayler, with[1] the outcryes of Andrugio, abhorryng Promos lewdenes, by the prouidence of God prouided thus for his safety. He presented Cassandra with a felon's head newlie executed, who

[1] Probably there is some misprint or omission here.

(being mangled, knew it not from her brother's, by the gayler who was set at libertie) was so agreeued at this trecherye, that, at the pointe to kyl her selfe, she spared that stroke to be auenged of Promos: and deuisyng a way, she concluded to make her fortunes knowne vnto the kinge. She (executinge this resolution) was so highly fauoured of the king, that forthwith he hasted to do justice on Promos: whose judgement was, to marrye Cassandra, to repaire her crased[1] honour; which donne, for his hainous offence he should lose his head. This maryage solempnised, Cassandra, tyed in the greatest bondes of affection to her husband, became an earnest suter for his life: the kinge (tendringe the generall benefit of the common weale before her special ease, although he fauoured her much,) would not graunt her sute. Andrugio (disguised amonge the company) sorrowing the griefe of his sister, bewrayde his safetye, and craued pardon. The kinge, to renowne the vertues of Cassandra, pardoned both him and Promos."

How little Shakespeare was really indebted to this earlier play may be inferred from the following specimen of it, given by Knight (with the spelling modernized), which may be compared with the corresponding scene (ii. 2) of *Measure for Measure*:—

PROMOS *with the* Sheriff, *and their* Officers

Pro. 'T is strange to think what swarms of unthrifts live
Within this town, by rapine, spoil, and theft,
That, were it not that justice oft them grieve,
The just man's goods by rufflers should be reft.
At this our 'size are thirty judg'd to die,
Whose falls I see their fellows smally fear,
So that the way is, by severity
Such wicked weeds even by the roots to tear.
Wherefore, sheriff, execute with speedy pace
The damned wights, to cut off hope of grace.

Sher. It shall be done.

Cass. [*to herself*]. O cruel words! they make my heart to bleed:

[1] Broken, damaged.

Now, now I must this doom seek to revoke,
Lest grace come short when starved is the steed. —
[*Kneeling, speaks to Promos.*
Most'mighty lord, a worthy judge, thy judgment sharp abate;
Vail thou thine ears to hear the 'plaint that wretched I relate.
Behold the woeful sister here of poor Andrugio,
Whom though that law awardeth death, yet mercy do him show.
Weigh his young years, the force of love which forced his amiss,
Weigh, weigh that marriage works amends for what committed is.
He hath defil'd no nuptial bed, nor forced rape hath mov'd;
He fell through love who never meant but wife the wight he lov'd.
And wantons sure to keep in awe these statutes first were made,
Or none but lustful lechers should with rig'rous law be paid.
And yet to add intent thereto is far from my pretence;
I sue with tears to win him grace that sorrows his offence.
Wherefore herein, renowned Lord, justice with pity pays;
Which two, in equal balance weigh'd, to heaven your fame will raise.

Pro. Cassandra, leave off thy bootless suit; by law he hath been tried —
Law found his fault, law judg'd him death.

Cass. Yet this may be replied:
That law a mischief oft permits to keep due form of law —
That law small faults, with greatest, dooms, to keep men still in awe.
Yet kings, or such as execute regal authority,
If 'mends be made, may over-rule the force of law with mercy.
Here is no wilful murder wrought which asketh blood again;
Andrugio's fault may valued be, marriage wipes out his stain.

Pro. Fair dame, I see the natural zeal thou bear'st to Andrugio,
And for thy sake (not his desert) this favour will I show:
I will reprieve him yet a while and on the matter pause;
To-morrow you shall licence have afresh to plead his cause.
Sheriff, execute my charge, but stay Andrugio
Until that you in this behalf more of my pleasure know.

Sher. I will perform your will.

Cass. O most worthy magistrate, myself thy thrall I bind,
Even for this little light'ning hope which at thy hands I find.
Now will I go and comfort him which hangs 'twixt death and life.
[*Exit.*

Pro. Happy is the man that enjoys the love of such a wife!
I do protest her modest words hath wrought in me amaze.
Though she be fair, she is not deck'd with garish shows for gaze;
Her beauty lures, her looks cut off fond suits with chaste disdain;
O God, I feel a sudden change that doth my freedom chain!
What didst thou say? Fie, Promos, fie! of her avoid the thought:
And so I will; my other cares will cure what love has wrought.
Come away. [*Exeunt.*

DAVENANT'S "THE LAW AGAINST LOVERS"

Measure for Measure has never been popular on the stage. There is no record of any early performance of it before the Restoration; and when theatres were again licensed the only form in which it appeared was Davenant's medley of the play and *Much Ado* entitled *The Law against Lovers*, which was acted in February, 1762, at Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Mr. Marshall, who also gives an outline of this worst of all the audacious attempts to "improve" Shakespeare, remarks: "What amazing devil, as the late Charles Dickens would have said, possessed Sir William Davenant to spoil two plays, so different in their nature but each so good of its kind, by jumbling them together, it is difficult to conceive. It is possible, if the tradition that Davenant was Shakespeare's son be true,[1] that he owed his father a grudge for begetting so extremely ill-looking an offspring. If so, it must be owned that, in this deformation of two of his father's great works, he had his revenge; for he has succeeded to a marvel in destroying all the comedy of Benedick and Beatrice, while at the same time he enfeebled the serious and almost tragical interest of *Measure for Measure*. . . . The effect of the introduction of Benedick and Beatrice is that they are both entirely deprived of the wit and vivacity which characterized them in *Much Ado*,

[1] That it is not true Halliwell-Phillipps has proved beyond the possibility of a doubt.

while nearly all of the beautiful poetry of *Measure for Measure* is ruthlessly deformed into the dreariest prose-verse."

The first act of this monstrous performance follows the story of *Measure for Measure* quite closely in the main incidents. The following lines from the Duke's speech to Angelo (i. 1) are a fair specimen of Davenant's work:—

> "That victory gives me now free leisure to
> Pursue my old design of travelling;
> Whilst, hiding what I am, in fit disguise,
> I may compare the customs, prudent laws,
> And managements of foreign states with ours."

The "victory" is that which Benedick has lately won. The scraps of Shakespeare from either play, but especially from *Much Ado*, are clumsily brought in. Davenant's additions may be further illustrated by a single extract. After a scene between Benedick and Beatrice, Viola, who is the young sister of Beatrice, says to Benedick:—

> "Y' are welcome home, my lord. Have you brought
> Any pendants and fine fans from the wars?
> *Benedick.* What, my sweet bud, you are grown to a blossom!
> *Viola.* My sister has promised me that I shall be
> A woman, and that you shall make love to me,
> When you are old enough to have a wife.
> *Benedick.* This is not a chip of the old block, but will prove
> A smart twig of the young branch."

This poor stuff is printed as verse, though it is difficult to believe it was ever intended to be anything but prose. "In the second act it is Benedick that pleads for the life of Claudio. Again the scenes between Benedick and Beatrice that are dragged in serve merely to encumber the action without lightening the play. Davenant preserves the scene between Isabella and Angelo, carefully injuring if not utterly destroying, wherever he can, the poetry of Shakespeare's language. The second act concludes with a

mutilated version of Angelo's soliloquy in act ii. scene 4 of Shakespeare's play, the last four lines of which are thus improved :—

> 'The numerous subjects to a well-wisht King
> Quit their own home, and in rude fondness to
> His presence crowd, where their unwelcome love
> Does an offence, and an oppression prove.'

The third act goes straight on with the same scene (from Shakespeare), beginning with the entrance of Isabella. This is followed by a long scene between Benedick and Beatrice, in which Beatrice urges Benedick to steal his brother's signet, and so seal the pardon of Juliet and Claudio. Then Viola comes in and sings a song, after which Lucio and Balthazar persuade Beatrice that Benedick is in love with her. The extraordinary dulness of this scene, compared with the one it is founded on in *Much Ado*, is decidedly original. Then we go back to *Measure for Measure*, and have a scene between Claudio and Isabella in prison; next to which comes an original scene, in which Benedick brings Beatrice the signed pardon for Juliet and Claudio, which he has obtained through Escalus. The act ends with a short scene in the prison between Viola and Juliet, her cousin. In this scene, short as it is, Davenant's genius will burst out, as witness the following description by the innocent little Viola when speaking of the Jailor:—

> 'The fellow looks like a man boil'd
> In pump-water. Is he married?'

The beginning of the next act is apparently original. It appears that the Friar (that is, the disguised Duke) is thwarting Benedick's scheme for the release of Juliet and Claudio, so he and Beatrice relieve their feelings by calling in Viola, who dances; the stage-direction being '*Enter Viola dancing a saraband, awhile with castanietos.*' This is the scene which so much pleased the sapient and tasteful Pepys, who says, under date of February 18th, 1661–62: 'Saw *The Law against Lovers*, a good play, and well

performed, especially the little girl's (whom I never saw act before) dancing and singing; and were it not for her the losse of Roxalana would spoil the house.' Then we have a scrap of Pompey in the shape of the Fool, and another scrap from Shakespeare in a scene between the Duke and Lucio; and then a scene between Juliet and Isabella in prison, quite original, in which the author bursts into poetry and, shaking off the trammels of blank verse, indulges in rhymed couplets. Juliet thinks that Isabella might make the sacrifice asked by Angelo for Claudio's sake, to which Isabella pointedly answers that she had better make it herself: —

> 'The good or ill redemption of his life
> Doth less concern his sister than his wife.'

Then we have more original elephantine playfulness between Benedick and Beatrice. Then, after a brief return to Shakespeare in a scene between the Duke, Provost, and Barnardine, we have an original scene in which Claudio gives the Fool a thousand pieces of gold as a bribe to help Juliet to escape in a page's dress. He declines to attempt to escape himself. Juliet, not to be outdone in generosity, sends her Maid with a proposal to Claudio to escape by a window in her room with the connivance of the Provost's wife, but she is not to escape herself. Then we have a sort of parody in rhymed verse of the great scene between Angelo and Isabella, in which we find such gems of poetry as the following speech of Isabella: —

> 'Catch fools in nets without a covert laid;
> Can I, who see the treason, be betray'd?'

The effect of this exquisite couplet upon Angelo is to make him completely change his tone, and to become suddenly virtuous, declaring that all that had happened before was only his fun. He never meant that Claudio should die; he never meant to make naughty proposals to Isabella. All that he meant was to propose honourable marriage. But Isabella is not to be taken in with these beautiful sentiments; she remarks: —

'If it be true, you shall not be believ'd,
Lest you should think me apt to be deceiv'd.'

Then she goes out, leaving poor Angelo in a very forlorn condition, who comes to the conclusion

'Because she doubts my virtue I must die;
Who did with vicious arts her virtue try.'

In the fifth act we have more singing, in which Beatrice, Benedick, and Viola all take part, supported by the Chorus; this musical entertainment being, as it appears, for the benefit of Angelo, in order to rouse him from his supposed anchoritic existence. Then we begin to get serious again, and three servants come in, one after another, exhorting Angelo to 'Arm, arm, my lord!' for his brother is in open revolt and is besieging the prison where Claudio and Juliet are confined. Now we have a great deal of excitement and something like a pantomime rally by all the characters; and the play ultimately ends with the marriage of Angelo and Isabella! They are kept in countenance by two other pairs of betrothed lovers, Benedick and Beatrice, and Claudio and Juliet. Lucio, who gets very waggish towards the end, is inclined to marry the Fool's grandmother, but, finding she is dead, decides on remaining a bachelor."

It was well, as Mr. Marshall suggests, to give a somewhat full account of this play of Davenant's, "because few persons are likely to take the trouble to read it for themselves, and, unless one does so, one might be deceived by the praises lavished on this contemptible work by contemporary and other critics."

Another version (or perversion, though not so bad as Davenant's) was produced in 1700 by Charles Gildon, with the title, *Measure for Measure, or Beauty the best Advocate.* As in Davenant's play, the scene was laid in Turin, and Balthazar is one of the *dramatis personæ;* but all the comic characters, including Lucio, are cut out. "The title-page announces that the play was 'Written originally by Mr. Shakespear; and now very much altered; With ad-

ditions of several Entertainments of Musick.' There were no less than four of these Entertainments, with one of which the play concluded. Genest quotes two lines from the second act, where Angelo tells Isabella to meet him at the opera : —

> 'Consider on it, and at ten this evening
> If you 'll comply, you 'll meet me at the Opera.' "

This wretched production does not appear to have been revived; and there is no record of the performance of Shakespeare's play after the Restoration until December, 1720. Since that time it has seldom been put upon the stage on either side of the Atlantic.

The Time-Analysis of the Play

This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel, in his paper "On the Times or Durations of the Action of Shakspere's Plays" (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877–79, p. 139), as follows : —

"The time of the Play is four days : —

1. Act I. sc. i. may be taken as a kind of prelude, after which some little interval must be supposed in order to permit the new governors of the city to settle to their work. The rest of the Play is comprised in three consecutive days.

2. Commences with Act I. sc. ii. and ends in Act IV. sc. ii.

3. Commences in Act IV. sc. ii. and ends with Act IV. sc. iv.

4. Includes Act IV. sc. v. and vi. and the whole of Act V., which is in one scene only.

List of Characters in the Play

The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

Duke : i. 1(67), 3(51) ; ii. 3(25) ; iii. 1(141), 2(114) ; iv. 1(38), 2(91), 3(83), 5(13) ; v. 1(257). Whole no. 880.

Angelo : i. 1(12) ; ii. 1(35), 2(85), 4(117) ; iv. 4(29) ; v. 1(43). Whole no. 321.

Escalus: i. 1(11); ii. 1(109); iii. 2(32); iv. 4(8); v. 1(45). Whole no. 205.

Claudio: i. 2(58); iii. 1(54); iv. 2(3). Whole no. 115.

Lucio: i. 2(54), 4(63); ii. 2(15); iii. 2(101); iv. 3(25); v. 1(63). Whole no. 321.

1st Gentleman: i. 2(27). Whole no. 27.

2d Gentleman: i. 2(11). Whole no. 11.

Provost: i. 2(3); ii. 1(1), 2(19), 3(12); iii. 1(5), 2(5); iv. 2(96), 3(17); v. 1(13). Whole no. 171.

Friar Thomas: i. 3(6). Whole no. 6.

Friar Peter: iv. 5(1), 6(6); v. 1(29). Whole no. 36.

Justice: ii. 1(3). Whole no. 3.

Elbow: ii. 1(62); iii. 2(19). Whole no. 81.

Froth: ii. 1(11). Whole no. 11.

Pompey: i. 2(19); ii. 1(83); iii. 2(16); iv. 2(25), 3(33). Whole no. 176.

Abhorson: iv. 2(12), 3(11). Whole no. 23.

Barnardine: iv. 3(17). Whole no. 17.

Servant: ii. 2(4), 4(2). Whole no. 6.

Boy: iv. 1(6). Whole no. 6.

Messenger: iv. 2(5). Whole no. 5.

Isabella: i. 4(27); ii. 2(94), 4(78); iii. 1(97); iv. 1(25), 3(9), 6(9); v. 1(87). Whole no. 426.

Mariana: iv. 1(13), 6(2); v. 1(53). Whole no. 68.

Juliet: ii. 3(10). Whole no. 10.

Francisca: i. 4(9). Whole no. 9.

Mistress Overdone: i. (228); iii. 2(9). Whole no. 37.

Varrius is on the stage in iv. 5 and v. 1. but does not speak.

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene (Globe edition numbering) is as follows: i. 1(84), 2(198), 3(54), 4(90); ii. 1(300), 2(187), 3(42), 4(188); iii. 1(280), 2(296); iv. 1(76), 2(226), 3(190), 4(37), 5(13), 6(15); v. 1(545). Whole no, in the play, 2821.

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